

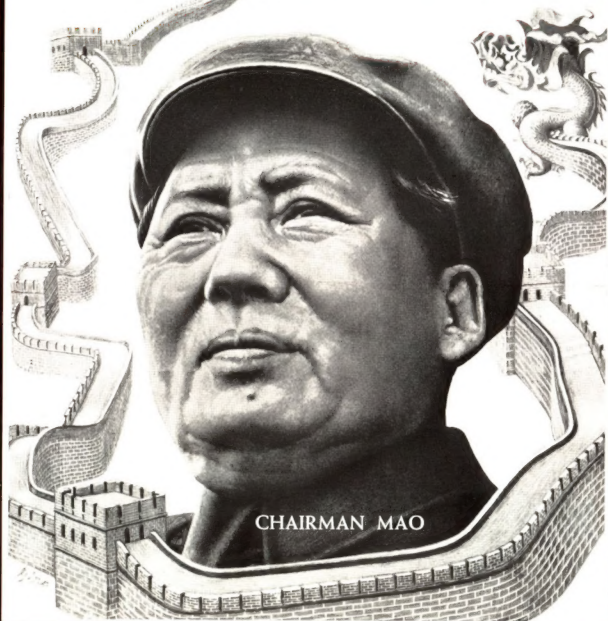
FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 13, 1967

CHINA IN CHAOS

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CHAIRMAN MAO

VOL. 89 NO. 2

(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



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# TIME LISTINGS

## TELEVISION

Wednesday, January 11

**WEDNESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (ABC, 9-11 p.m.).** The Hollywood version of ancient Greece's—not James Joyce's—*Ulysses* (1955), with Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano and Anthony Quinn.

Thursday, January 12

**ABC STAGE 67 (ABC, 10-11 p.m.).** "Sex in the Sixties," an inquiry into the changing attitudes toward sex in this decade. Participating in the discussion are Drs. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson, authors of *Human Sexual Response*, Dr. John Rock, director of the Rock Reproductive Clinic—and *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner.

Friday, January 13

**RANGO (ABC, 9-9:30 p.m.).** The Lone Ranger reborn and played for laughs, with Tim Conway as a square Texas lawman and Guy Marks as his faithful Indian scout, Pink Cloud. In this episode, Rango is mistaken for an outlaw by a gang of cutthroats who promptly elect him their leader and take him on a series of holdups. Premiere.

**CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11:15 p.m.).** *PT-109* (1963), with Cliff Robertson as Lieut. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy in command of a PT boat fighting a losing battle against a Japanese destroyer in World War II.

**THE ISLAND CALLED ELLIS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.).** A documentary on what has been called "the most majestic theme in U.S. history": the great and continuing flood of immigration across the Atlantic. José Ferrer is the narrator at Ellis Island.

Saturday, January 14

**CBS GOLF CLASSIC (CBS, 4-5 p.m.).** Don January and Julius Boros team up against Lionel and Jay Hebert at the Firestone Country Club in Akron in the first of a series of exhibitions that were taped last fall, and will be telecast this winter.

**ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.).** A basketball exhibition with the Harlem Magicians and Hartford Explorers in Baltimore's Civic Arena, plus the 1967 Women's International Skiing Championship at Oberstaufen, Germany.

**SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.).** Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn and William Holden in *Sabrina* (1954), the Cinderella story of a chauffeur's daughter who becomes the toast of Long Island society.

Sunday, January 15

**THE CATHOLIC HOUR (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.).** Part 2 of "The Church and War: the Middle Ages" traces the period from the defense of Rome through the Crusades to the invention of gunpowder.

**FIRST N.F.L.-A.F.L. CHAMPIONSHIP GAME (NBC and CBS, 4 p.m. to conclusion).** The game that ought to settle a lot of arguments among pro football fans as the champions of the National Football League and the young American Football League knock heads at the Los Angeles Coliseum.

Tuesday, January 17

**DAKTARI (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).** Filmed in Gorongosa National Park, Mozam-

bique, this episode about how Dr. Tracy treats his injured pet lion includes some striking scenes of village actually besieged by a pride of hungry wild lions.

**CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.).** "The Italians," a reconnaissance of the Italian national character—all the genius, excesses and exaggerations of a people who as Italian Author Luigi Barzini, narrator of the show, puts it, "live in the perpetual baroque."

## THEATER

### On Broadway

**AT THE DROP OF ANOTHER HAT** brings an antipodal pair, Michael Flanders and Donald Swann, back to Broadway with a jaunty, sylvee in what they call the "theater of kindness." They scramble their comic omelut with such pixy princeliness that it becomes a royal banquet of mirth.

**THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL**, by Neil Simon, makes *The Odd Couple* a threesome. A pair of post-Ivy League rebels (Anthony Perkins and Richard Benjamin) publish a protest magazine with virtuously impoverished zeal until a girl (Connie Stevens) shows up to curdle their joy. The gags come in two varieties: Simon-pure and simple Simon.

**I DO! I DO!** Whipped cream and frosting may be wedding cake make—but not a marriage. Only the shimmering talents of two superstars, Mary Martin and Robert Preston, and the agile hand of Director Gower Champion, make this confectionary adaptation of *The Fourposter* palatable.

**WALKING HAPPY** is the poverty-to-prosperity saga of a Lancashire bootmaker whose station in life is raised through no fault of his own. Norman Wisdom is the hottest property of this warming musical.

**CABARET.** The prevailing mood winds in the Berlin of 1930 were blowing toward Nazism and war—not exactly the bubbly stuff of which a heady musical is made. In its re-creation of the vulgarity of the era, this musical is a success of style. But its book is vacuum-packed.

**RIGHT YOU ARE**, like *The School for Scandal*, centers on a group of gossipers, but in Luigi Pirandello's philosophical drama, the effect is tragic and destructive. A handsome production by the APA.

**THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE.** Frank Marcus turns a harsh spotlight on the transformation of a radio heroine (Beryl Reid) who plays a selfless nurse on the air—and then performs in private life as a violent lesbian terrorizing all who cross her path.

### Off Broadway

**AMERICA HURRAH.** Three brilliant playlets by Jean-Claude van Itallie refract and reflect some of the dominant, dissonant hues in mid-20th century American life.

### Opera

**VERDI, FALSTAFF** (3 LPs; Columbia). Verdi's last opera, an ebullient celebration of love and life, was written when he was 79, and Leonard Bernstein has captured all of its beauty and range. The entire cast exploits the comic possibilities in the music, but Regina Resnik as Dame Quickly and Graziella Sciutti as Nanetta stand out—along with the redoubtable Dietrich

Fischer-Dieskau, who, as Falstaff, makes his voice convey everything from arrogance to cravenness to humiliation. At times the mirth seems about to explode in all directions, but Bernstein's firm hand directing the Vienna Philharmonic gathers it in and the voices taper off in the graceful, fluid way that Verdi had of ending sequences.

**MOZART: DON GIOVANNI** (4 LPs; Angel). Mozart's masterpiece has seldom, if ever, received a handsomer garland of vocally and dramatically exciting performances. Nicolai Ghiaurov may still be a shade behind Pinza and Siepi as the Don, but only a shade. Christa Ludwig's voice is a column of fire as she plays the outraged Elvira; Mirella Freni portrays a warm Zerlina, and Nicolai Gedda is a Don Octavio who can sing the limpid lines and long cadenzas and still project masculinity. The surprise performance is Walter Berry's Leporello—a habitually terrified man, praying and muttering, rather than the usual Italian-style clown. A great Donna Anna still eludes all the recordings, but Claire Watson hits all the notes, if somewhat tentatively at times. Otto Klemperer leads the New Philharmonia Orchestra, and with the exception of a few slow tempos, it is an excellent performance.

**DONIZETTI: LUCREZIA BORGIA** (3 LPs; RCA Victor). Montserrat Caballé, the young Spanish soprano who burst on the scene two years ago, records her first complete opera, and she dominates the performance with an awesome array of gifts: a voice that responds to every emotional nuance, and scales and arpeggios that occasionally rival Sutherland's. The music is routine Donizetti—neither as outlandish as *Lucia* nor as lyrical as *L'Elisir d'Amore*.

**MASCAGNI: CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA AND LEONCAVALLO: I PAGLIACCI** (3 LPs; Deutsche Grammophon). The Vienna's Herbert von Karajan has always been long on nerve—and that is what it takes to make an album from *Cav*, which does not have quite enough singing to be an opera and *Pag*, which has altogether too much vocal noise. Still, these are good performances. Carlo Bergonzi plays both Turiddu and Canio, and it is a pleasure to hear his warm, sensuous, quintessentially Italian tenor. Fiorenza Cossotto as Santuzza is one of the few mezzos around these days with a true top range, while Rolando Panerai is a dashing, almost too libidinous Silvio.

## CINEMA

**BLOW-UP.** For his first English-language film, Italian Director Michelangelo Antonioni develops a closeup of a young, successful pop photographer who accidentally records a murder while snapping candid around London. Though all the elements for an ingenious thriller are at hand, Antonioni underplays the whodunit and focuses instead on his characteristic concern: the gap between seeing and feeling.

**GAMBIT.** Michael Caine and Shirley MacLaine are paired as a burglar and his accomplice in this nonchalant suspense comedy about "the perfect crime." Set in Hong Kong and the Middle East, the plot is a labyrinthine series of twists and turns that culminates in five possible endings, all highly incredible but still rousing good fun.

**FUNERAL IN BERLIN** picks up the trail of Harry Palmer (Michael Caine), *John* scruffy, insubordinate British agent whom audiences first met in *The Ipcress File*, and follows his movements from crisis to crisis in Berlin. Though the script is a bit

\* All times E.S.T.





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muddled, the action is engrossing, the dialogue pert, and the suspense enlivened by honest humor.

**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.** The collaboration of Director Fred Zinnemann. Screenwriter Robert Bolt and Actor Paul Scofield has produced one of the year's best films. The heart of the drama is a conflict of conscience, as Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England, tries to find a way to serve both his King and his God.

**FAHRENHEIT 451.** Ray Bradbury's somber tale about a futuristic society that burns books has been reworked by France's François Truffaut into a mild, gay little film starring Oskar Werner and Julie Christie as two 21st century "radicals."

## BOOKS

### Best Reading

**HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS, 1930-1939,** edited by Nigel Nicolson. A rare and engaging eyewitness account of the turbulent '30s, culled from the daily diary of a civilized Englishman who seemingly went everywhere and knew everybody.

**PAPER LION,** by George Plimpton. Though he was a miserable failure as temporary last-string quarterback for the Detroit Lions, Plimpton succeeded in using his adventure to write the most authentic book to date about pro football.

**LETTERS OF JAMES JOYCE,** edited by Richard Ellmann. The letters show the terrors, suspicions and jealousies that were magically transformed into irony and humor in Joyce's great novels.

**SATORI IN PARIS,** by Jack Kerouac. The zealous, pie-eyed piper of the beats relates the details of a wacky safari to France in a vain effort to track down some supposedly noble Kerouac ancestors.

**VESSEL OF WRATH,** by Robert Lewis Taylor. A whimsical tour of the trail that hatchet-swinging Carry Nation blazed through the hogheads and saloons of her time.

**THE BRITISH MUSEUM IS FALLING DOWN,** by David Lodge. This young British novelist's antic spirit needs leashing, but readers may enjoy the wild ride past several vulnerable institutions, among them the Roman Catholic Church and the airless world of scholarship.

### Best Sellers

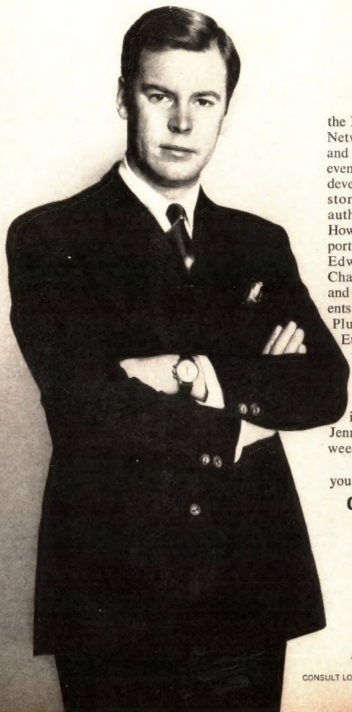
#### FICTION

1. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (3 last week)
2. The Secret of Santa Vittoria, Crichton (1)
3. Capable of Honor, Drury (2)
4. The Birds Fall Down, West (5)
5. The Mask of Apollo, Renault (4)
6. The Fixer, Malamud (7)
7. Tai-Pan, Clavell (9)
8. All in the Family, O'Connor (6)
9. A Dream of Kings, Petrakis (10)
10. The Adventurers, Robbins (8)

#### NONFICTION

1. Everything But Money, Levenson
2. Rush to Judgment, Lane (3)
3. Games People Play, Berne (5)
4. The Jury Returns, Nizer (8)
5. Paper Lion, Plimpton
6. The Boston Strangler, Frank (2)
7. With Kennedy, Salinger (4)
8. Random House Dictionary of the English Language (6)
9. The Search for Amelia Earhart, Goerner (7)
10. How to Avoid Probate, Dacey (9)

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## LETTERS

### Closing the Generation Gap

Sir: Cheers for *TIME* and its Man of the Year [Jan. 6]—an honor long overdue! Since the generation gap is being widened daily by headlines confined to hoods, young criminals and rioting, it is refreshing and encouraging to be shown the whole picture.

MRS. CARLTON E. WOOD  
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir: I felt a special surge of pride when I read your story and could identify with those you wrote about.

Many weeks go by when we feel as though there is no place for us in the adult world. This article helped to give us the identity for which we search, though sometimes fail to find.

MARGARET HIRSHFELD, '70  
Smith College  
Northampton, Mass.

Sir: As a college sophomore and member of the younger generation, I thank you for realizing that not all of us spend all our time parading on Sunset Strip, on the Berkeley campus, or at protest meetings.

Some of us do attend classes. Some of us do support the President's action in Viet Nam. Some of us don't wear mini-skirts or jump suits to a formal affair. Some of us haven't been in a wreck on the L.A. freeway. Some of us are human.

RONAXAN PLOSS  
George Washington University  
Washington, D.C.

Sir: Thanks for casting light on the bearable, if not entirely acceptable, character of a generation that has been ridiculed and grossed out for more than a decade.

PAUL ROBERT HALLOCK  
University of Massachusetts  
Amherst

Sir: The Now People belong to one of our best generations. They sometimes puzzle me, occasionally annoy me, always interest, intrigue, delight and awe me.

ELIZABETH O. DORNEY  
North Tonawanda, N.Y.

Sir: Thank you for an excellent story. Having three members of this generation in our home, teaching two classes a day, and performing the duties of dean of women, I am in constant contact with young people. I am always impressed and amazed; I have great faith and tremendous hope for us because of them. There are moments when I wish I were 20 years younger, but quickly shift my feelings to

gratitude for being alive in this, their time. I wouldn't want to miss one minute.

B. MARGARET VOSS  
Davenport College of Business  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sir: Let the young Man of the Year wear his hair long enough to drag the ground. Let the girls wear rough workman's clothing and boots. Let them express themselves with the skull-cracking noises they call music. We of the Beaten Generation can endure all that, but in the end we expect them to make a better world.

HASTINGS W. BAKER  
Darien, Conn.

Sir: An outrageous choice. A generation that has made our streets unsafe to walk, our highways suicide avenues, and our schools a shambles doesn't deserve such recognition. They are the overpublicized generation.

Your eloquent nonsense had me in stitches. If they have no time for hate, as you boldly state, who is it who commits more than half the crimes in this country? If they have no time for hate, whence comes the distrust they evidence? You write, "Today's youth appears more deeply committed to the fundamental Western ethos—decency, tolerance, brotherhood—than almost any generation." Fact is, the opposite is true.

You come close to truism when you list their Presidential choices, with Snoopy first. That's as serious as the majority of them get. Snoopy at least has a dream objective. I'm sure Snoopy will get the Red Baron long before *TIME* gets me to believe it is serious in this year's selection of Man of the Year.

Still, a lot of them are nice people.  
DON E. MANNING, AGED 34  
Chicago

Sir: It's sad, but I betcha that 25 years from now you won't be able to tell them from us.

RUTH S. PEROT, AGED 44  
Mobile, Ala.

### Talk About Adam

Sir: Congressman Powell [Dec. 30-Jan. 6] has committed and is continuing to commit a crime, not just against the people of his district, some of whom do not seem to mind, but against the people of the entire U.S. He has violated and is violating the honor of the Congress, and he must be removed.

NORMAN C. FOLDEN  
Woodstock, N.Y.

Sir: Although Powell is not a model of virtue and fully deserves any measures that may be taken against him, it is difficult to see him as the only tarnished spot on an otherwise flawless record of integrity and morality in the handling of taxpayers' money. His suggestion that the subcommittee investigate the spending of all House committees is a noble one recommending a course of action that is long overdue.

ERIC R. GILBERTSON  
Athens, Ohio

Sir: As income tax time rolls round again, I am sure that most Americans share my joy in the knowledge that we are all members of the N.A.A.A.C.P.—the National Association for the Advancement of Adam Clayton Powell.

C. J. BAGBY JR.  
Portland, Ore.

### All In the Conceptualization

Sir: "Right You Are If You Say You Are—Obscurely" [Dec. 30] brought to mind one of my favorite quotes, Oscar Wilde's observation in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, that "nowadays to be intelligible is to be found out."

MIRIAM KALIS  
Des Moines

Sir: Your Essay on jargon points up one of the most basic problems in human understanding and communication: our misunderstandings with others often arise not out of what we say but out of what others infer from what they think we've said.

WALTER H. HANSEN  
Chicago

Sir: There are many valid criticisms that may be made of the present-day tendency toward use of jargon, especially in the social sciences. Unfortunately, most of the sociological terms you criticize represent valuable and insightful conceptualizations.

If a term is simply a confusing synonym for a common idea, then it is jargon. However, few if any of the words you attack meet this definition. Instead, you seem to be attacking concepts that you cannot understand without exerting some effort—a common anti-intellectual tactic.

STEPHEN BEACH  
Graduate Student in Sociology  
Duke University  
Durham, N.C.

Sir: The art professor at Instant College would have done well to quote the Navy League's pamphlet describing Harvard's Carpenter Center for Visual Arts this way: "It exemplifies conceptualistic innuendo pyramided upon spatial forbearance and is altogether tokenish of tactile cosmological luminous voluminality."

TEMPLE K. PORTER  
Swansea, Mass.

Sir: Jargon is the lubricant of scholarly communication. Its purpose is not to bamboozle the layman or screen academic incompetence b-hind verbiage, but to increase the precision of language and speed the exchange of ideas. The cost of using jargon—enduring snippy essays like yours—is considerably less than the benefits.

RICK MALT  
Princeton, N.J.

### Portrait of Julie

Sir: Your cover story on Julie Andrews [Dec. 23] was a magnificent piece on a

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FRANK SIMMONS

Chamblee, Ga.

Sir: Never have I seen anything more beautiful than your cover portrait. I would love to see originals by Koch; he's great.

W. HERBERT ARMSTRONG

Tupelo, Miss.

## How Many Copies

Sir: Referring to William Manchester's *The Death of a President*, you write [Dec. 23]: "25 copies of the manuscript were sent to six magazines." The fact is, seven copies were simultaneously submitted, one each to the five magazines you list and, in response to a special request, two copies to LIFE. Your report implies that this agency submitted a copy to United Artists. No copies were submitted to United Artists or any other motion picture company.

DON CONGDON

Harold Matson Co. Inc.

Manhattan

## Please Pass the Pills

Sir: Your report on Indian population control [Dec. 30] may be a bit more pessimistic than is necessary. You say: "Even if birth control pills were economical, it would be an uphill battle to train peasant women in their regular use."

As to economics, both the United Arab Republic and Pakistan have huge pill programs. On training peasants, an Indian study says: "From field studies in Puerto Rico, Mexico and Ceylon, it has become evident that poorly educated women accept oral contraception enthusiastically and successfully. In that respect, Indian women are no different from their counterparts in other parts of the world."

All of us mistakenly equate illiteracy with lack of intelligence. When the pill regimen is explained to illiterate women, they apparently follow the instructions even more faithfully than many middle-class American women.

LEWIS C. FRANK JR.

Information Center, Population Problems  
Manhattan

## Burning While They Fiddle

Sir: Concerning your article on early violins [Dec. 30], I can only say fiddlesticks! The authorities you cite mention every solution to the Stradivari problem but the historically honest one: restoration of the sound intended by its maker.

It is impossible today to hear the original sound of a Stradivari because every one of these instruments has had its original fittings removed and more than 30 changes made; a modernized Strad does not bear any more resemblance to the sound intended by its maker than a harpsichord to a piano. Also, the excessive pressure of modern fittings is causing cracks, so that we have an ever increasing number of played-out Strads. The only solution to this vandalism: restore the original fittings and make the instruments true baroque violins that will blend with the harpsichord instead of drowning it out.

SOL BABITZ

Ford Foundation Researcher  
in 18th century performance  
Los Angeles

## A Thousand Times No

Sir: Not all Vassar girls are overjoyed at the prospect of moving to New Haven [Dec. 30]. Many of us are happily enjoy-

ing our "unnatural," all-female education and do not wish to go stale at Yale.

NANCY FALCONE, '70

Vassar College  
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir: It would be safe to assume that the Yale man does not share Vassar's enthusiasm for the proposed "intellectual marriage of convenience." Several years ago, spurred by rumors of a similar merger, John E. Robson, a distraught member of the class of '52, wrote:

*Can it be true what people say—  
That Yale's admitting girls?  
Will floors of campus barbershops  
Be littered now with curls?  
Will all Yale's ivy-covered peaks  
Soon echo with their strident shrieks?  
And chapel bells forever after  
Compete with screams of distaff  
laughter?  
Will windows now in future springs  
Be hung with dainty underhings?  
"Bright College Years" three o'clocks  
higher?*

*Our fiscal need is not that dire!  
Will not our manly intellects  
Be clouded o'er with thoughts of sex?  
And possibly, in future years,  
The football team will wear brassieres?  
Oh, comfort me and reassure  
That Yale will not become impure!  
If so, this vow I leave you with—  
I'll surely send my son to Smith.*

NANCY GREENBERG

Metuchen, N.J.

## The Real Scoop

Sir: Fie on TIME for calling astrology the "pseudoscientific 5,000-year-old Babylonian art of prediction" [Dec. 30]. Had your staff read my articles in *Horoscope* magazine, they might have learned something.

I don't see peace in Viet Nam just yet. North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam, Thailand, the U.S.—all have planets from 19 to 26 degrees Pisces, Virgo, Gemini and Sagittarius. These have been afflicted by Saturn, Uranus and Pluto. When these planets stop afflicting, pressures will ease. I doubt China will come in; the stars don't seem that bad. Yet the station of Pluto at 20 Virgo December 23 walloped Johnson's Pluto, Kennedy's Mercury, and Manchester's Mars and Mercury. But Kennedy was not eclipsed by the recent election. He hasn't peaked out yet. 1967 is mixed.

Man and a nation is a machine; the horoscope is the blueprint of that machine. Oversimplified, of course. But if your staff knew astrology, you could scoop both Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop.

DALE RICHARDSON

Astrological Research Foundation  
Los Angeles

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PLATE 15

Bernhard M. Auer

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

ASSISTANT PUBLISHERS . . . . . Laurence H. Laybourne  
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**N**OBODY really knows precisely what is happening in China. But it is journalism's job to find out as much as possible about one of the great stories of the decade, if not the century. That is why Mao Tse-tung is on our cover this week.

Day after day the noises out of Red China sounded increasingly explosive. By week's end, this had reached a crescendo. This obviously was another climax in the unfolding spectacle of China's chaos, and the story that had been developing all week grew into a cover story. *TIME* correspondents in the Far East (where it was Sunday morning) and elsewhere were asked to update their reports. Writer Jason McManus and Editor Edward Jamieson, assisted by Researcher Sara Collins, went to work on a new version.

Covering the vast, hostile, sealed-off country, as we have noted before in this space, is an exercise akin to wartime intelligence work. With only one North American correspondent (Canadian David Quancie) and a handful of Western reporters at work in China, it is necessary to monitor radio broadcasts, meticulously follow the Chinese press, interview diplomats and businessmen who have recently emerged from inside. Hong Kong is the main center for this activity, but other busy China-watching posts include Tokyo, Washington, London, Paris, Vienna, and the Communist capitals of Eastern Europe. The most startling sources of news are the huge wall posters that all week continued to pop up in the big cities, calling for or recounting mass purges (unreported in the Chinese press) and naming the latest leaders to fall into disfavor.

The principal members of this embattled cast of characters have appeared on our covers before (this is our 15th on China since the Communists seized power in 1949). Some were shown collectively three years ago, riding a Chinese dragon boat. Individually, it is the fourth time for Mao, followed by Premier Chou En-lai (three times), President Liu Shao-chi and Foreign Minister Chen Yi, all three of whom are now under attack. Our last China cover reported the rise of Defense Minister Lin Biao, who so far seems untouched in the power struggle. The story analyzed the phenomenon of the Red Guards, whose "raucous voices could well be the death rattle of a revolution," and concluded: "Like all revolutions, China's has reached a point of critical decision."

The continuing drama of that decision is the subject of this week's cover. Without question, history is being written on Peking's posters.

CHOU EN-LAI & KOSYGIN  
(1964)

CHEN, NI, AND ZHANG



LIN PIAO (1966)

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# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 13, 1967 Vol. 89, No. 2

## THE NATION

### THE WAR

#### Static of Distress

Wherever they looked last week, the leaders of North Viet Nam saw trouble. To the north, Red China was convulsed by violence. Below the 17th parallel, the U.S. and its allies were preparing a knockout blow against the Communist "main force" units, which were already



HANOI DIPLOMAT MAI VAN BO  
Desperate for relief.

reeling from 1966 losses of 50,000 men in combat and 20,000 defectors.

To make the view from Hanoi even bleaker, U.S. Marines began their long-anticipated offensive against the Mekong Delta, the Reds' last safe haven in South Viet Nam. Perhaps most disturbing of all to the enemy was the U.S. air war. During the week, the North Vietnamese lost nine supersonic MIG-21s, their most advanced fighter aircraft, as U.S. bombers continued to pound military targets. Seemingly desperate for relief from the devastating air offensive, Hanoi began emitting some subtle static aimed at convincing Washington that if only the U.S. would call off its planes, peace talks might—eventually—get under way.

**Le Patron.** The first signal came during New York Timesman Harrison Salisbury's four-hour interview with North Viet Nam's Premier Pham Van Dong, whom some observers regard as *le patron*—the real boss—of the war

effort. According to Salisbury, Pham emphasized that his oft-reiterated "four points" for settlement of the war were not meant as prior "conditions" for peace talks but as a "basis of settlement." Since Hanoi had hitherto insisted that the U.S. had to accept these terms before talks could begin, the apparent shift in emphasis stirred a flurry of speculation. Was Pham softening his position and saying that the four points were merely proposals that Hanoi would toss on the negotiating table? Well, not exactly. Pham, said Hanoi radio by way of non-clarification, meant that these items were not merely "a" basis for settling the war but "the" basis. And Pham offered no alternative to Hanoi's unacceptable conditions.

United Nations Secretary-General U Thant caused a fresh flurry of speculation when the New York Times reported that he had come up with "hard facts of a positive response from North Viet Nam" should the U.S. end the bombing. If so, that was news to the White House. "I know of no response from any source," said Press Secretary Bill Moyers in rare bureaucratese, "that indicates a willingness on the part of North Viet Nam to respect the reciprocity aspect of that proposition"—meaning that Hanoi has not once proposed to cut back its own war effort.

Still another signal flashed from Paris. There, Mai Van Bo, head of Hanoi's diplomatic mission, said that if the U.S. stopped bombing the North and then suggested peace talks, "I believe this proposal would be examined and studied." However, added Mai, the U.S. should expect "no reciprocity whatever" for stopping the bombing.

**More than Halfway.** Though the signals were confusing at best, U.S. officials took pains to explore every opening. "We are willing to meet them more than halfway," said Lyndon Johnson in a year-end press conference, "if there is any indication of movement on their part." Secretary of State Dean Rusk made a similar point in his reply to a

The points, announced by Pham on April 8, 1965: 1) recognition of Viet Nam's independence, sovereignty and unity, and withdrawal of U.S. forces from the South; 2) no military alliances with foreign countries for either North or South; 3) settlement of South Viet Nam's affairs "in accordance with the program" of the National Liberation Front, the Viet Cong's political arm; and 4) achievement of reunification by the Vietnamese people without foreign interference.

letter from 100 student leaders who asked him to clarify U.S. policies on Viet Nam (TIME, Jan. 6).

"We stand ready—now and at any time in the future—to sit down with representatives of Hanoi, either in public or in secret, to work out arrangements for a just solution," said Rusk. He also deplored the fact that civilian casualties had resulted from U.S. raids



PRIME MINISTER PHAM VAN DONG  
Still asking the unacceptable.

against military targets in the North, but noted: "I would remind you that tens of thousands of civilians have been killed, wounded or kidnaped in South Viet Nam, not by accident but as a result of a deliberate policy of terrorism and intimidation by the Viet Cong."

**Quid pro Nil.** It was difficult not to conclude that Hanoi's aim is to induce Washington to end bombing of the North on a *quid pro nil* basis. Thant has already urged the U.S. to "show an enlightened and humanitarian spirit" by calling off the raids, "even without conditions," and the pressure from European capitals is intense. Said a U.S. official: "If Ho Chi Minh announces that his representatives are on their way to Geneva to meet with us, the pressure to stop bombing would be tremendous and perhaps irresistible." The Administration nonetheless is bent on resisting that pressure until the day when Hanoi unequivocally signals its willingness to negotiate on bona fide terms.

## THE PRESIDENCY

### Lying Low

When Lyndon Johnson returned to Washington last week, it was with none of the accustomed fanfare. After 17 days on the L.B.J. ranch, the President flew back to the capital at an hour guaranteed to assure him minimal exposure—just before midnight at the end of the New Year's weekend. During the week, he made only one public appearance and almost no announcements. He did not even attend the funeral of former Secretary of State Christian Herter, an old friend, though it was held in St. John's Episcopal Church, just across Lafayette Square from the White House.

The ceiling on presidential visibility was deliberately kept low. Johnson is disturbed by his precipitous plunge in popularity (43% in the latest Lou Harris Poll). Though he himself ascribes this to the normal vicissitudes of U.S. politics, he and his advisers have agreed that his wisest course of action may be to continue to lie low for the time being; in 1966, he spent some 90 days in relative seclusion along the Pedernales River.

**Machine-Gun Bursts.** The President's principal preoccupation was the impending State of the Union address and the budget message. So determined was he to shroud the drafting of the State of the Union speech in secrecy that he waited until week's end to announce when he would deliver it—right after Congress convenes this week, in a nighttime appearance designed to draw a large television audience.

To ensure against leaks, outgoing Press Secretary Bill Moyers alone was assigned to draft the speech, which is normally a team effort. Through the week, Cabinet officers and presidential aides slipped into the White House through a side door to deliver the latest budgetary figures and policy recommendations. Moyers, working at his small electric Smith-Corona, in machine-gun bursts of 100 words per minute, translated the reports into Johnsonian prose, sending off completed portions to wherever the President happened to be at the moment. Johnson worked endlessly on the crisp, newly typed pages with his favorite soft-lead pencils.

**Blueprint of Restraint.** As for the contents of his message, Johnson remains convinced that a nation whose G.N.P. is approaching \$800 billion can simultaneously fight a war in Viet Nam and advance his Great Society at home. "We are going to have a better America," he recently told some associates. "We've made mistakes, of course, but we are determined to correct them. We're proud of our programs, and we're going to keep improving them. If any of you think I'm going to make the kids in the Head Start program, the poor, the undereducated, sit at the second table, you're crazy."

Nevertheless, the word from the



MAN OF THE YEAR, 1964  
Squinty looks for high horizons.

White House was that the President's State of the Union speech will be a blueprint of restraint compared with last year's ringing promises of guns and butter. He is expected to place more emphasis on the need for some belt tightening to fight the Viet Nam war. He will probably request a 10% to 15% increase in social security benefits and new programs in the health, welfare and urban-rehabilitation fields; he is particularly interested, for example, in a program to build nursing homes that would be "the kind of place I would have liked to see my mother in." But he is also expected to caution that the Great Society will have to proceed at a somewhat tempered pace.



HURD & "UGLIEST" PORTRAIT  
Silence and then the sizzle.

**Raising the Ceiling.** The reason is obvious. His congressional critics, buttressed by 47 newly elected Republicans, stand ready to poleax any overambitious new measures. Moreover, they will have two opportunities to express their displeasure with his economic policies at the very outset of the session. One will present itself when the President asks for a supplementary appropriation for Viet Nam estimated at \$15 billion—rather than the \$9 billion or \$10 billion that he predicted only last month. Another will arise when he asks Congress to raise the \$330 billion ceiling on the national debt. Because Johnson was reluctant to do so just before the November election, Government debt was estimated to be a bare \$100 million short of the legal maximum as of last week. Congress will certainly raise the limit—if it does not, its members will not be paid—but it will also seize the chance to take some sharp swipes at the President.

In the State of the Union speech, Johnson may announce two major decisions: 1) whether or not to develop a costly anti-missile system, which the Joint Chiefs of Staff want and Defense Secretary McNamara hotly opposes, and 2) whether or not to raise taxes. At week's end White House sources gave no indication that either decision had been made, despite rumors in Washington and New York that the President had finally ruled out a tax increase.

### The Critic's Choice

From the first, the President and the portraitist hit it off together like a pair of cowpokes. Both, after all, were men of the Southwest, both ranchers, both devoted to the austere horizons of the high desert.

They had met before, but first got to know each other at close range in late 1964, when Peter Hurd and his wife Henriette, sister of Artist Andrew Wyeth, were jointly commissioned to execute Lyndon Johnson's portrait as the Man of the Year for TIME's Jan. 1, 1965 cover. During a two-hour session, the President talked brilliantly, flitting from subject to subject, while the Hurds, fascinated, tried to concentrate on sketching him. Later Johnson took the Hurds through the White House's private quarters, proudly pointed out a Hurd landscape hung on the wall opposite the presidential bed. To Johnson's eye, it captured perfectly the look of Texas ranch country.

"Mr. President," said Hurd, "that's New Mexico."

"Well," replied Johnson, a big crestfallen, "it looks like Texas to me."

**Promise to Bird.** Johnson professed not to like Hurd's Tim portrait of him, complaining that one shoulder seemed elongated and that he had a "squinty" look. However, he appeared to be mollified by the artist's explanation that the narrowed eyes were characteristic of men who rode in the Southwest sun all



their days. Rumors spread that Peter Hurd would be selected to do the President's official portrait, but the first Hurd knew about it was when he went to the White House in May 1965 and was introduced by Johnson to South Korean President Chung Hee Park. "I want you to meet my friend Peter Hurd," said L.B.J. "He is going to do my portrait." Shortly afterward, Hurd, now 62, received a letter from the White House Historical Association officially awarding him the assignment—at \$6,000, half his usual fee.

Johnson's first sitting was a year and a half ago at Camp David outside Washington. The President showed up exhausted. "That massive head of his fell forward on his chest, he was so tired," recalls Hurd. Johnson's head nodded several times, and Hurd pitied him. "This is terrible," he said. "I wish you'd go have a siesta." "No," insisted Johnson. "I promised Bird that I would give you half an hour and I will do it." His head fell forward again, and at the end of exactly 30 minutes Hurd said compassionately: "That's all, Mr. President."

**400 Hours of Labor.** Hurd had only one other session with Johnson, this time at the Texas ranch while the President was conferring in the dining room with Supreme Court Justice Arthur Goldberg, whom he had just named Ambassador to the United Nations. For 40 frustrating minutes Hurd watched L.B.J. get up from his chair, sit down, get up, pace the floor, tug at his ear, rub his nose, wipe his brow—in short, do everything but sit for his portrait.

Realizing he could never get from the President the 25 to 30 hours he usually demands of a subject, Hurd decided to work from eight photographs. For verisimilitude, he persuaded a friend, J.O. ("Bud") Payne, who looks like Johnson and has hands like his, to make the 140-mile round trip to the Hurd ranch near San Patricio, N. Mex., in order to pose for him. Hurd spent about 400 hours on the picture, five times longer than his usual total labor. The result was, if anything, flattering. Done in egg tempera and subtitled in tone, it shows the President in three-quarter profile gazing soberly into the distance and clutching a book. In the background is the floodlit Capitol dome.

**Forgotten Majesty.** In April, just before the portrait was finished, Hurd wanted Johnson to have a preview. He and his wife were invited to the ranch, and he shipped the painting ahead by rail express, cautioning that the President should wait to look at it until he could display it in the proper setting and light. "When we arrived, it was plain that the picture had been openly discussed," says Hurd. "It had been taken out of its crate and propped up leaning back under a bank of cold fluorescent lights. It looked like death warmed over. We marched in single file as if we were about to review the remains. There was a deathly silence.

I guess his excellency fired the first shot. He said, 'That's the ugliest thing I ever saw.'"

"I sizzled. I guess that for the moment majesty was forgotten," Hurd asked: "Just what do you like, Mr. President?"

"I'll show you what," replied Johnson. Striding over to a desk drawer, he pulled out a portrait of himself by illustrator Norman Rockwell. Purred Hurd: "I wish I could copy a photograph like that." Johnson insisted it was not a copy, that he had posed 20 to 30 minutes for it. "Nonsense," snorted Hurd. "He couldn't have painted that in one half-hour with 19 more hands."

The atmosphere was frigid. Nobody spoke. Johnson jingled some change in his pocket, staring at Hurd's portrait. Finally the artist snapped to his wife: "Let's get out of here, Henriette." The

COLLECT COMMUNICATIONS INC.



ROCKWELL'S L.B.J.

Not with 19 more hands.

Hurds flew back to their ranch. A few weeks later, a distraught Mrs. Johnson called them there and confessed that she hoped never to go through such an ordeal again if she "lived to be a thousand." "The only thing that didn't go wrong that day," she lamented, "was that the government of Viet Nam didn't fall." Mrs. Johnson said that the President thought the Capitol background was too bright and asked Hurd to make it a "little more misty." He refused.

**"Very Damn Rude."** The portrait arrived back at the Hurd ranch—e.o.d. Nevertheless, Mrs. Johnson persuaded Hurd to try a smaller portrait, 30 in. by 36 in., based on the President's favorite photograph. The picture was taking shape when, to Hurd's dismay, he discovered that "that photograph was in every little-bureaucrat's office in America—including the post office in San Patricio. I couldn't plainly copy such a picture, I lost interest." However, he finished the large portrait and shipped

it off to Washington. Several months later he got a letter from the White House Historical Association informing him that the portrait would not be the President's official one—because, it was finally explained last week, at 40 in. by 48 in., it was too big. A \$6,000 check for the painting soon followed. Hurd sent it back.

The President, says Hurd, "was very damn rude. I worked my tail off. He hasn't the least concept of how an artist works." Yet he insists that he really harbors no ill will and still likes L.B.J. "He's a dynamic visionary. I'm surrounded by Johnson haters, but I'm not one of them."

The President, in public at least, maintained a stoic silence. Unlike Winston Churchill, who so hated his 80th birthday portrait by Graham Sutherland that he kept the original hidden until his death, Johnson cannot conceal the "ugliest thing" he ever saw. Hurd is putting the painting on public display this week in the Columbus (Ohio) Gallery of Fine Arts, and—thanks to its recent publicity—it eventually will be seen across the country. Meanwhile, the current wisecrack in Washington is that artists should be seen around the White House—but not Hurd.

## THE CONGRESS

### The Curse of Adam

As the 90th U.S. Congress convenes this week, it will be shadowed from the start by an irritating, embarrassing dilemma: what to do about Adam Clayton Powell, the errant, arrogant Democratic Representative from Harlem.

Until last week, Powell's most flagrant public sin was his defiance of the New York courts that have sentenced him to a 16-month jail term for contempt (he has consistently refused to pay a defamation judgment won by a Harlem Negro widow). Then, on the eve of the new session, the Negro Congressman was hit from a new direction. Reporting on a three-month investigation of the financial affairs of the House Education and Labor Committee, of which Powell is chairman, House probes concluded that

► Powell and Corinne Huff, a Negro beauty-contest winner, whom he had put on his committee payroll at \$19,200 a year, took "many airline flights" that were charged to the taxpayers under assumed names.

► Other air trips were charged on the credit cards of committee employees who did not in fact make them.

► Powell put a Negro girl, Sylvia Givens, 20, on the committee payroll as a "clerk," then used her for "domestic work"; Miss Givens testified that she worked as a cook and maid at his retreat on South Bimini Island in the Bahamas.

► Powell kept his estranged wife Yvette on his Washington payroll at \$20,578 a year, although she is living in Puerto

Rico. The subcommittee recommended that she be fired, and she promptly was, although the dismissal seemed likely to hurt Adam more than Yvette, since he has been regularly banking her paychecks (while sending her an undisclosed allowance).

"Soul Brother." Outwardly undisturbed by the furor in Washington, Powell continued to disport himself on Bimini (which he calls "Adam's Eden") in the company of the comely Corinne (whom he calls "Huffle"). By now, Powell treats the Bimini natives as if they were his constituents. Whether holding forth at his favorite hangout, Brown's Hotel bar in the tumbledown gingerbread village of Alice Town—where he sips Beck's beer and "cowbells" (Cutty Sark and milk)—or slapping backs on the street, Powell calls the Biminians "my kin" and "soul brother." At week's end, he prepared reluctantly to leave them and face his troubles back home.

This week's House Democratic caucus would doubtless approach the Powell problem with the utmost diffidence, even though the pressure was on to corral him. Sensing that this was the case, Powell issued a statement condemning efforts to dump him from his committee chairmanship as part of a "conspiracy of enormous dimensions." His critics, he said, "are trying to politically castrate one of America's most powerful Negro politicians." If they persist, Powell hinted, he would blow the whistle on other congressional sinners. And, though many if not most Negro leaders privately hold Powell in contempt, they were mounting a massive campaign to protect the black power he personifies.

All week, Democrats from Lyndon Johnson on down were frantically searching for an alternative to the obvious: that Congress should exercise its constitutional right to be the judge of its

own members by at least censuring Powell, if not kicking him out. California Democrat Lionel Van Deerlin, for one, was determined to request the House to ask Powell to "stand aside" pending an investigation. Even Powell's wife seemed to think further investigation was in order. In a San Juan interview, Yvette insisted that she "would like to help" her husband. "But I realize he is a public servant," she added, "and I think it is right for the Congress to investigate if they choose."

Whatever the outcome, it was increasingly plain that failure to discipline Powell—a lawmaker who scoffs at the law—could only add to the Democratic leadership's already heavy political burdens, to say nothing of its obligations to the integrity of the U.S. Congress.

### Bridge Buster

A keystone of President Johnson's foreign policy is "building bridges" to Communist Eastern Europe, especially to Yugoslavia, whose independence from Moscow the U.S. has long encouraged. Yugoslavia is the third largest recipient of American surplus food (after India and Pakistan), has taken almost \$1 billion worth. Lately it has been seeking to buy an additional \$29 million worth of wheat and vegetable oil under the easy payment terms of the Food-for-Peace program. However, as a result of two restrictive amendments passed by the last session of Congress, the flow of food to Tito's homeland has been mired, and finally halted, by an obscure bridge buster called the Findley Amendment.

It was so named for Illinois' Republican Representative Paul Findley, who managed to attach to the 1966 Agricultural Appropriation Act a rider forbidding the subsidized shipment of U.S. food to "any nation that sells or furnishes any equipment, materials or com-

modities" to North Viet Nam. As it happens, the Yugoslavs have been sending Hanoi blood, bandages and other medical supplies. Though the State Department has contended that the Findley Amendment does not apply in this case, insisting that the supplies have been sent by private Yugoslav citizens rather than by the government, the amendment takes little notice of such niceties.

**Dead Deal.** The hassle has upset the Johnson Administration, which feels that its foreign policy aims are being undermined, and it has caused a furor in Yugoslavia. As President Tito said recently: "It comes at a time of implementation of our economic reform and causes difficulties. It doesn't improve relations." Nor were relations—or Tito's case—helped last month by three angry anti-U.S. demonstrations in Yugoslavia.

Actually, while the wheat deal is dead, Yugoslavia may still get a final shipment of \$9.6 million worth of vegetable oil because the transaction was completed last April, well before Findley's amendment was approved by Congress. Nonetheless, Administration bridge building will be more seriously crimped in future by yet another amendment attached to the bill extending the Food-for-Peace program. It prohibits the shipment of bargain U.S. food to any nation that sells strategic materials to Cuba. Yugoslavia sends Castro goods ranging from truck tires to machinery. And, in fact, the U.S. is no longer in a position to dispense vast agricultural surpluses around the world. The Department of Agriculture estimates that wheat supplies on hand next July—before the new crop is harvested—will be no more than 420 million bushels, less than the nation's own need for a year's reserve.

## THE STATES

### The Governors Speak

New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller spoke of a "Just Society." California's Ronald Reagan envisioned a "Creative Society." Michigan's George Romney urged a "Generation of Progress." Minnesota's newly elected Republican Governor Harold Le Vander declared that it was time to embark on a "Decade of Decision." And so it went—on and on. Amid pomp and fripperies, snappy slogans and roseate rhetoric, Governors in every section of the U.S. stood up last week to deliver the season's inaugural addresses, state-of-the-state speeches, and legislative-launching talks.

**Slaps & Riots.** Tone and content varied according to the personality of the Governor and the local problems he faced. Claude Kirk, 41, Florida's first Republican Governor in 90 years, astonished both parties by calling a special legislative session to rewrite the state's 79-year-old constitution—and then spun a web of romantic mystery around himself (see PEOPLE). In Maine, Democrat Kenneth Curtis, at 35 the nation's



POWELL WITH FRIENDS IN BIMINI ("ADAM'S FANCY" IN BACKGROUND)  
While fellow Democrats searched for an alternative to the obvious.



CALIFORNIA'S REAGANS AT INAUGURAL  
Time to reappraise the goodies.

youngest Governor, called for creation of a Transportation Department and reorganization of the Department of Economic Development, because under the state's lagging economy "there are too many Maine people today who have too little." In Idaho, right-wing Republican Governor Don Samuelson took a tasteless if implicit slap at outgoing Robert Smylie, an occasionally arrogant moderate Republican whom Samuelson had trounced in the party primary. Averred Samuelson: "This administration will never get to the point where it becomes too big for its britches."

In California, where student riots have periodically disrupted the state university's Berkeley campus over the past two years, Republican Reagan made it clear that he will brook no more upheaval. During his campaign, he had called for an investigation of troubles there, and last week he warned: "It does not constitute political interference with intellectual freedom for the taxpaying citizens—who support the college and university systems—to ask that, in addition to teaching, they build character on accepted moral and ethical standards."

"Squeeze & Cut." Many of the Governors' speeches last week reflected mutual concerns running through all 50 states of the nation. First and most obvious is the eternal task of attracting sufficient revenue to meet their needs. Since 1959, the states have enacted more than 200 tax increases, and their annual tax take has risen from \$15.8 billion to \$29.4 billion last year—but that seems to be only the beginning in many areas.

Rhode Island's Republican John Chafee said flatly that he would press for a "substantial tax increase"—which probably means introduction of an income tax—because of a "rapid transfer of expenses" for health and welfare payments from Rhode Island's citi-

ies to the state. In Massachusetts, Republican John Volpe, starting his third term, declared that his state's limited 3½ sales tax, enacted in 1966 after a vicious battle, should be made permanent, warned that projecting the tax structure will be "arduous, complicated and demanding," and called for a full-scale study of revenue sources. Nelson Rockefeller said he was ready to set up the machinery for New York's referendum-approved lottery, which is expected to yield upwards of \$50 million for state education.

California's Reagan, a neophyte in government, almost certainly faced the necessity of a tax hike, but proposed a tough-minded reappraisal of exactly what state funds were being doled out for. "The time has come," he said, "to run a check to see if all the services government provides were in answer to demands or were just goodies dreamed up for our supposed betterment." He promised that his administration would "squeeze and cut and trim" government costs, partially through a reorganization of agencies, until "we will build those things we need to make our state a better place in which to live—and we will enjoy them more, knowing we can afford them and they are paid for."

**Urban Crisis.** The crisis of the American urban complex, with its rotting center-city core and its increasing demands for intelligent planning as well as financial aid, was another central theme of the Governors' talks. Said Connecticut Democrat John Dempsey: "Connecticut as a whole can be a healthy society only if we join in a concerted effort to improve the quality of urban life." He recommended a new Department of Municipal Affairs, as well as new measures to combat air-and-water pollution and discrimination in jobs and housing. And New York's Rockefeller, whose bailiwick includes the nation's

largest city, laid down the framework for a program designed to "improve the overall economic, physical, recreational and cultural climate of the central-city core areas."

Included were highly creative proposals to make New York City a state park district to facilitate outdoor recreation development, set up a program creating a county-agent-style welfare service to help deprived or undereducated city dwellers, increase middle-income housing construction, and float a \$2 billion bond issue to improve New York's transportation systems—both transstate highways and the critical mass transit network in traffic-clogged New York City. Minnesota's Le Vander proposed a Metropolitan Service Council that would amalgamate the management of problems including everything from city sewage disposal to mass transit to parkland development around the 1,600,000-population area of Minneapolis-St. Paul.

**Federal Failures.** Another troublesome topic was the issue of federal-state relations, which has become one of the basic problems in the structure of U.S. society. One critic of the Great Society was Michigan's Romney, who made a somewhat oblique attack on Johnson-style federalism: "The people feel the stifling consequences of overcentralization, conformity, manipulated consensus and an arbitrary unchecked power." Romney, who clearly sees this as a major issue in the 1968 election, last week released one of his key aides, Dr. Walter De Vries, to work full time on his embryonic presidential campaign. Said the Governor: "I expect to rely on him importantly in taking a long, hard look at what I'm looking at."

Nelson Rockefeller focused more sharply on the shortcomings of centralized government. Said he: "More than 30 years of ever-expanding federal programs have proven that federal authori-



NEW YORK'S ROCKEFELLERS AFTER OATH-TAKING  
Constructive criticism at the core.

ty stands too distant from local conditions to allow efficient use of federal funds by formulas and procedures conceived in Washington. To criticize federal programs for failing to deliver on their promises, however, is not to disparage the high purposes inspiring many of these programs. But we do want to see a dollar's worth of work done for every dollar spent. Our experience in New York shows plainly that federal bypassing of state leadership and ability to act as a guide and catalyst is both wasteful and self-defeating."

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Yankee Internationalist

Born in Paris, reared in New York and Boston, and by his mid-20s a veteran of diplomatic service in World War I Europe, Christian Herter was equipped as few other statesmen to



CHRISTIAN HERTER (1963)

*More than hard work and good intentions.*

revivify the crumbling Atlantic Alliance. Yet when he succeeded John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State in 1959, his reward was frustration.

In the last 21 months of the Eisenhower Administration, there were too many crises to permit any bold initiatives in Washington's dealings with either allies or foes. Soviet pressure on Berlin was a constant threat. Relations with Castro's Cuba continued to deteriorate. Laos tottered, the Congo fell apart, and Gary Powers' spy plane crashed on Soviet soil. With the U-2 fell whatever hopes Herter still held for the Paris summit conference. When he left office, one aide recalls, he was "an unhappy man."

**Prostrate Continent.** Despite disappointment, despite the continually worsening arthritis that cruelly contorted his gangling 6-ft., 41-in. frame and made him dependent on metal crutches or a wheelchair, Christian Herter was not one for retirement. When he died at 71 of a pulmonary embolism in his

Washington home, he was still striving for international agreement—this time to lower tariffs—as the President's Special Representative for Trade Negotiations. That effort, too, proved endlessly frustrating.

Yet it was not through hard work and good intentions alone that Herter influenced postwar history. After the Truman Administration proposed the broad outlines of the Marshall Plan in June 1947, the Bostonian, then a Republican Congressman, proposed establishment of a House Special Select Committee on Foreign Aid and became its chairman. After two grueling months of surveying Western Europe's plight—Herter had directed the members to leave wives and tuxedos at home—the committee wrote a compelling, detailed report on what was needed to revive the prostrate continent. Above all, it was Herter's support and advocacy, along with Arthur Vandenberg's in the Senate, that forged the bipartisan coalition without which the Marshall Plan could never have become U.S. policy.

**Between Poles.** Herter also had a winning record as a Bay State politician—even though he fell between the poles of Brahmin Republicanism and Irish-dominated Democratic power. Son of artists, grandson of a German immigrant who prospered as an architect, Herter himself briefly studied art and architecture. He happened into diplomacy in 1916 upon hearing of an opening in the Berlin embassy. After the war, he worked for Herbert Hoover's Relief Administration in Europe and the Commerce Department in Washington before going back to Boston to write and lecture in support of internationalism. In 1930, he won his first election to the state legislature—he was never to lose in a total of 13 contests—and served in the lower house for six terms, two of them as speaker. Then came ten years in the U.S. House and four in the Governor's mansion. As Governor, Herter won a reputation for clean, efficient, economical rule.

By 1952, in his last year in Congress, Herter was among the Republican leaders who urged Dwight Eisenhower to run for President. Four years later, a handful of insurgents led by Harold Stassen proposed Governor Herter as a replacement for Richard Nixon on the G.O.P. ticket. Herter would have none of it. At the convention, it was he who nominated Nixon for a second term. Nixon reciprocated by helping to secure Herter's appointment as Under Secretary of State instead of the lesser post that Secretary Dulles had intended for him.

When illness forced Dulles' retirement, he recommended Herter as his successor. Eisenhower agreed, though he was less than enthusiastic toward Herter. Nonetheless, they established a close working relationship. As Eisenhower once observed: "When you look at him, you know you are looking at an honest man."

## THE ASSASSINATION

### A Nonentity for History

Skeptics will always wonder whether Jack Ruby's televised murder of Presidential Assassin Lee Harvey Oswald was the meticulously designed act of a conspiratorial network or—as the Warren Commission concluded—simply another irrational element in a tragic tangle of non sequiturs surrounding the death of John F. Kennedy.

Shortly before he died at 55 last week in Dallas of a pulmonary embolism, Ruby tried to dispel any doubt about his role. In a surreptitious hospital-room recording describing the events that put him in the basement of the Dallas Police and Courts Building on the morning of Nov. 24, 1963, Ruby recalled: "The ironic part of this is I had made an illegal turn behind a bus to the parking lot. Had I gone the way I was supposed to go—straight down Main Street—I would've never met this fate, because the difference in meeting this fate was 30 seconds one way or the other."

**Inadmissible Evidence.** His statement had the ring of truth to it. However, there is an even more compelling argument against his being the appointed executioner for any planned operation. Anyone with even a cursory insight into Jack Ruby's character could not help realizing that he was a violently unpredictable man. As the Warren Commission noted, "Ruby was regarded by most persons who knew him as moody and unstable—hardly one to have encouraged the confidence of persons involved in a sensitive conspiracy."

Ruby himself said that the moment of the killing was a "blur," and he gave a madman's mixture of reasons for the murder: because of his grief at the loss of the President ("I loved that man"), because he did not want Jackie Kennedy to be forced to return to Dallas for Oswald's trial, because he had read a "heartbreaking letter" to Caroline Kennedy in a newspaper that morning. At one point he blurted to cops and federal agents after his arrest: "I guess I just had to show the world a Jew has guts."

That remark was ruled inadmissible evidence in his murder trial. For that matter, a great deal of the murky world of Jack Ruby was obscured in hearsay and uncertainty. The Warren Commission unleashed an army of investigators to dredge up the facts about Ruby (and Jacob Rubenstein, alias J. Leon Rubenstein), the seedy Dallas strip-joint owner who yearned to be a *mench*, a pillar of the community, but always remained a smalltime *schwanz*. Commission sleuths assembled a voluminous dossier that told everything—and nothing—about him. They could detail his gross income and net profits for February 1958, but they could not discover his exact birth date and wound up listing eight in the year 1911. They learned that his boyhood nickname was "Sparky," then gave three different reasons for the origin of the name.



**Sadistic Brawler.** The mottled, volatile life of Jack Ruby began in the slums of Chicago. His father was usually drunk and out of a job; his mother was obsessed by the delusion that she had a fishbone lodged in her throat. They separated when Ruby was ten, and he lived in foster homes for a number of years. A dropout at 16, Ruby gained a reputation as a savage alley fighter who would start punching at the slightest hint of anti-Semitism. He scratched out a living scalping tickets, peddling horse-race tip sheets, vending pennants at sports events, selling newspaper subscriptions door to door. He helped organize a Chicago junkyard workers' union in 1937, was drafted during World War II, served his entire hitch Stateside as an airplane mechanic, was honorably discharged in 1946.

Soon after that, he headed for Dallas to join his sister, Mrs. Eva Grant, in the operation of a couple of bump-and-grind dives there. The Carousel Club, a tarnished-tinsel walk-up joint, became his empire. He was a sadistic, heavy-fisted brawler who insisted on acting as his own bouncer. Occasionally he would set up an irksome drunk for a beating by shoving him into a stripper's dressing room, accusing him of pawing the girl, then slugging his helpless victim senseless. Sometimes he would punch a stripper who irked him. He was arrested eight times—but never convicted—on charges ranging from carrying a concealed weapon to serving liquor illegally. He was a tawny sycophant with cops, setting them up with free booze and dates with his girls, trundling pre-dawn sandwiches and coffee into headquarters for men on the midnight shift.

Though he was patently and pasty-faced, he fancied himself a Dallas Adonis. At times he was blackly depressed because his hair was falling out, but he carefully plastered it back in long, thick strips to cover his scalp. Occasionally he would strip off his shirt, suck in his stomach and flex his muscles before his strippers. He never married, but he had a liaison with a blonde divorcee for eleven years. His passion for dogs approached dementia. He once turned up at a Dallas rabbi's house with half a dozen mutts at his heels, sobbing that one was "my wife" and the others were "my children."

His moods were a frightening study in emotional extremes. Not long after he was jailed, his eyes filled with tears when someone mentioned George Senator, his Dallas roommate. Gently Ruby said to his attorney, "Tell George I'd really like to see him." When Senator showed up the next day, Ruby glared at him and exploded: "You sonofabitch! You're wearing my best suit! That's the suit I was gonna wear at my goddam trial!"

**Kafkaesque Fate.** Ruby's murder trial, like his life, was a sordid circus. His principal attorney, flashy Melvin Belli, tried to convince the jury that

Ruby was insane. But Belli's florid oratory and arrogant yelpings at the all-too-obvious ineptitude of Judge Joe B. Brown were not enough. The verdict was guilty; the sentence, death in the electric chair. The conviction was appealed by some of the 18 lawyers that Ruby had in the three years following his crime, and last October the Texas Court of Criminal Appeals overthrew the finding on the grounds that Judge Brown had 1) allowed inadmissible evidence, and 2) he should have granted Ruby a change of venue. In a sense, the Kafkaesque fate that Ruby suffered after that first trial was worse than death.

For 32 months he was locked in a windowless cell on the Dallas County Jail's Corridor 6-M. A "suicide watch" jailer looked in on him round the clock; a single naked light bulb glared endlessly over his cot. He could not tell

out to get the Jews, and these people won't answer the phone because they're dead." Usually, the numbers were those of his sister Eva and his brother Earl.

**The Legacy.** When he became ill, Ruby screamed that his jailers were piping mustard gas into his cell. Later, when doctors discovered that he was suffering from adenocarcinoma—a cancer that had spread swiftly through most of the cavities, ducts and glands of his body—Ruby accused them of injecting him with the disease. Almost from the moment of his arrival at the hospital on Dec. 9, Ruby's case was considered hopeless—and he knew it. Yet he seemed calmer and more lucid at the brink of death than he had for months—possibly because he had a window to see outdoors and was allowed to sleep in the dark.

When he died last week in Parkland Hospital—where both Kennedy and Os-



JACK RUBY'S FUNERAL IN CHICAGO  
A schwanz who yearned to be a mensch.

night from day. He devoured all the newspapers he could get, eagerly sifting every line of print to find his name. He did crossword puzzles and browsed through dozens of books (Perry Mason mysteries, sexy novels, the Warren Report, an abstruse volume of erotica titled *Virginity—Pre-Nuptial Rites and Rituals*). He played gin rummy indefatigably with his jailers, who claimed he cheated. He did sit-ups, push-ups, and stood on his head for exercise. He seemed out of his mind much of the time.

During the early months, he rammed his head against the plaster cell wall. He raved again and again that Jews were being tortured and killed because Gentiles wanted revenge for his crime. He shouted that he could hear screams from the jail cellar, machine guns in the street. Often he would slip his visitors his bit of paper with phone numbers scribbled on them in an oddly womanish hand, whispering desperately: "These people have been murdered. They're all

wald died—Ruby was a pathetically shrunken caricature of the swaggering bully boy who had worshiped the "beautiful people" and spent his life wishing he were one of them. The lights that used to shine on the posters of his strippers—Little Lynn, Tammi, Penny Dollar—are still outside the Carousel Club, but they burned out long ago, and Ruby's cherished night spot is out of business; the space has been rented by the Dallas Police Athletic League as a gymnasium for underprivileged kids.

Ruby's deathbed recording had brought him some \$2,000 from Capitol Records—just enough to pay for his bronze casket, the \$77 shipping charge for sending the body back to Chicago, and a burial service at a cemetery plot next to the graves of his parents. The only real legacy left by the would-be big shot from Big D was one of confusion, futility and frustration—a legacy that would nonetheless impress his name on history.



## THE TECHNOLOGY GAP

**W**ESTERN Europe is gripped by a growing, almost obsessive fear that it is falling victim to American economic conquest. And that conquest, so the lament goes, is spearheaded by American technology. Armed with technological prowess that European firms cannot match, giant U.S. corporations are winning control over crucial industries. Many European leaders foresee the gloomy prospect of "an underdeveloped continent," dependent upon the U.S.

The technology gap has become a sensitive issue in world politics, with anti-American overtones. What to do about it was on the agenda of NATO's ministerial meeting last month. The Common Market will devote a special session to it in February. British Prime Minister Harold Wilson and former West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard took it up in their last talks with Lyndon Johnson. During his recent visit to Paris, Soviet Premier Kosygin fanned the discontent. West German Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss: "Every year, the gap in the scientific and technological fields widens between the two world powers, the U.S. and U.S.S.R., on the one hand, and the European nations on the other."

## The Shape of Tomorrow

What is the technology gap? How real is it? Commerce Secretary John Connor, an adept at soothing utterances, suggests that it could more accurately be called an "industrial disparity." Whatever the name, Europe shows real enough symptoms of the condition. Everywhere about him, the European sees American products and processes. When a Frankfurt businessman rises in the morning, he may well reach for a Gillette razor blade, Colgate toothpaste, and hair lotion that comes in a bottle made by an Owens-Illinois subsidiary. After he downs his Maxwell instant coffee with Libby condensed milk, his wife, trim in her Lycra stretch bra, kisses him goodbye, leaving only a trace of Revlon lipstick. In his Ford Taurus, or G.M. Opel, fueled with Esso gasoline, he drives to an office equipped with Remington typewriters, IBM telex machines and IBM computers. While his wife runs a Hoover vacuum cleaner, a Singer sewing machine and a Sunbeam iron, he confers with his American advertising agency and stops at a branch of First National City Bank of New York. If he sneezes in the wintry damp, he pulls out a Kleenex. If his boss needles him, he calms down with a Miltown. Relaxing in the evening, he pulls an R. J. Reynolds Reyno menthol cigarette, listens to RCA, Columbia or Capitol records. At bedtime, he fastens his door with a lock made by BKS, a Yale & Towne subsidiary that is the continent's largest lock producer.

U.S. domination is not really as sweeping as this picture might suggest. By the end of this year, direct U.S. business investment in European companies will amount to about \$20 billion, which falls a long way short of hegemony. In no European country do U.S.-owned firms account for more than about 5% of total business. What upsets Europeans is that the American activity is concentrated in a few high-technology industries which powerfully shape today's economic life (such as oil, autos, chemicals) or promise to remold tomorrow's global environments (aerospace, electronics, computers). U.S. companies sell three-quarters of all computers in Europe. The oil industry is 40% U.S.-owned in Britain and Germany. U.S.-owned or -controlled companies account for a third of European auto sales, 35% of the British tire market, 40% of France's tractors and farm machinery, 70% of its sewing machines, 75% of its electrical and statistical machines, 90% of its synthetic rubber.

It was almost more than Charles de Gaulle could bear when he found that he could not sell France's famed Caravelle jetliners to Red China because they contain enough American electronics equipment to fall under the U.S. Battle Act against trading with the enemy. In the signifi-

cant international balance-of-patent payments, the U.S. has a 5-to-1 margin over Europe. At last count, the U.S. paid \$45 million a year for European patents, but collected \$251 million for U.S. patents. Theoretically, the Europeans could just sit back, manufacture under U.S. licenses and still make attractive profits (in fact, many firms do). But there is the matter of national pride and the fear of complete scientific and technical stagnation. The imbalance worries Washington because European resentment, whether justified or not, could lead to all sorts of international troubles.

## Interlocking Causes

What causes the gap? Not a lack of continental brainpower. Europe's mastery of theoretical science and engineering remains impressive. Its scientists gave the world penicillin, autogiros, jet engines and radar. Most postwar advances in steelmaking originated in Europe. The British remain foremost in Hovercraft and vertical takeoff planes. Du Pont first produced Daeron under a license from Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries. But Europe flounders when it comes to 1) translating its laboratory discoveries into sophisticated hardware, and 2) organizing and marketing its achievements. Again and again U.S. companies, in addition to their own prodigious inventiveness, reap what Europe has sown. Britain boasted the world's first nuclear power stations, but in recent years it sold only two abroad, while General Electric and Westinghouse sold 15. The swing-wing principle of General Dynamics' F-111 fighter-bomber and the Boeing SST design were devised by a British aircraft engineer. In many ways, what Europe faces is not a technology gap but a management and money gap. Its interlocking causes run deep in European history, culture and institutions, but they can be summarized under several headings.

• **Markets are too small.** The U.S. market, the world's biggest, is more than six times as large as that of any one European country. With that base for mass production and sales, U.S. corporations dwarf most of their European competitors. With few exceptions, European companies are still chopped up into national units. Despite the Common Market, their managers have so far been unable to overcome disparate systems of law and taxation to merge into multinational European companies—such as a scarcely dreamed-of Fiat-Volkswagen-Citroën combine.

• **Europe is too stingy about research and development.** The U.S. spends about ten times more per capita on R. & D. and four times as much altogether as Europe (\$23.3 billion last year). While European regimes give research only modest financial support, the U.S. Government last year poured \$16 billion into such efforts. Most of that went into defense, aerospace, aircraft and electronics. From these fields, U.S. firms are learning to master staggering complexities on technology's frontiers, and to apply the techniques in other areas. With their vast capital and huge home market, U.S. companies routinely risk fortunes beyond Europe's visions to launch promising ventures. RCA gambled \$130 million on color television before it began to pay off. Europe is still split over whether to use the French or West German color TV system—and the two are electronically incompatible.

Rather than risk \$140 million on a product that might not warrant it, the Dutch electronics giant Philips decided last fall to give up developing big computers, concentrate instead on little ones. Battling to survive against U.S. competitors, British producers have been forced to sacrifice innovation to cut costs. In bringing out its 1900-series computer three years ago, International Computers & Tabulators kept the development bill down to a mere \$20 million by using such existing innards as transistors and printed circuits instead of the more sophisticated integrated microcircuits offered by its U.S. rival. Even so, the effort almost wiped out

I.C.T. profits for more than a year. When European firms are willing or able to invest heavily in research, they often get excellent results. But risk capital is lacking in Europe. "In 40 years," says Sir John Baker, head of Cambridge University's engineering department, "I have never been approached by a British banker interested in discovering new technological ideas. When I'm in America, the bankers corner me and try to find out what's happening."

- **Managerial skills are lacking.** "Here we have brilliant individuals and almost never brilliant organizations," says Italian Physicist Massimo Bernardini. U.S.-style teamwork between research, production and financial men remains the exception—and Europeans still have a lot to learn about advertising and marketing too. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Britain's Minister of Technology, lists "seven new deadly sins" afflicting the British economy, among them "industrial amateurism" and "status hunting." Habitually, corporations pick top managers and directors not for ambition, skill or diligence but for their social qualifications. This sin of amateurism is certainly not confined to Britain.

- **Snobbery denigrates the technician and inventor.** Though England and the Continent gave the world the Industrial Revolution, Europe developed nothing resembling the American tradition of inspired tinkers. Partly this was due to an aristocratic contempt for anyone who works with his hands—an attitude that persists among European businessmen—partly to the fact that economies did not demand inventiveness. After 1850, labor shortages and resulting high wages spurred the U.S. to lead the world in mechanizing both its farms and factories, while in Europe, until recently, the labor surplus helped keep wage levels comparatively low even as it kept tiny markets profitable. Europe came to exalt its scientists, with the exception of engineers. For a long time, they were regarded as too lowly in Britain even to take lunch with top-trust executives. Says Novelist C. P. Snow: "For some reason, it is not quite U to be an engineer."

Thousands of British and German technicians accept U.S. jobs each year, lured partly by higher status and pay (often double) or driven out by the lack of scope they find for their talent at home. Britain is alarmed at "the brain drain," but its wage freeze and rising unemployment have only increased the itch to leave the land of disincentives, where a \$5,500-a-year "young executive" can be in the 44% income tax bracket.

- **Education is inadequate.** Much European scientific and technical schooling remains excellent, though it is difficult to generalize. Whatever the quality of European education, it lags disastrously in quantity. First-rate education still reaches only a handful of the elite. Europe generally separates prize pupils from the herd at the ages of ten to 14. With some variations, the chosen few thereafter receive superb training (including university degrees) at state expense; the rest are consigned to mere trade schools or to work. Europe not only overlooks educating the second cut among its students, but also provides no opportunity for late bloomers. Thus it turns out too few scientists, technologists and managers to keep up with its industrial expansion. In Germany, only 8% of college-age youths actually enter universities, as against nearly 40% in the U.S. England has 120,000 college students—about the enrollment of City University of New York. "Universities," says Lord Bowden, until recently Minister of State, Department of Education and Science, "still behave like successors to medieval monasteries."

### The Magic Mobility

In Britain and Italy, but more so in Germany, lone professors usually run academic departments or institutes with Napoleonic power and lifetime tenure. In total control of curriculums and funds, they are accountable to no one, usually cooperate with no one, and brook only the presence of underlings to help teach. "Germany," says former Harvard President James Bryant Conant, "has the best university system in the world—for the 19th century."

Much of Western Europe has been seized by a fervor to expand higher education and to reform it along U.S. lines—interdisciplinary cooperation, more full professors, rotating departmental command. Italy's current five-year plan calls

for a reorganization of universities, now beset with frequent strikes by students and teaching assistants. Many Europeans hope to emulate what a Common Market Eurocrat calls "the magic American mobility between campus, government and industry."

The same reform spirit is spreading to other areas. The Netherlands has raised its scientific-research budget by 45% over the past two years. British industry has just rented a "brain train" to four university cities and wooed reluctant engineering and science graduates. There is serious talk about untangling Europe's thicket of loosely drawn patent laws and providing new incentives for formation of Europe-wide companies. Prime Minister Wilson recently suggested the creation of a European Technological Community to pool the products of its science and laboratories. But Europe's postwar record at this type of cooperation is dismal. Only CERN, the atomic-research laboratory at Geneva, shows much accomplishment.

Faced with such frustrations, Europeans are always ready to raise the specter of protectionism. London's Financial Times last week advocated "a policy to control American investment," something France already tries to do, but not too successfully. Carried far enough, a policy of straitjacketing American companies would not only invite reprisals but would also tend to stagnate Europe's standard of living. Protectionist moves no longer succeed in Europe as they once did. With easing tariff barriers inside Europe, American firms escape unwelcome restrictions by shifting planned plants a few miles across a border. After several U.S. companies put factories in Germany or Belgium instead of France, De Gaulle's government took down its keep-out signs.

### The Real Solution

Some Europeans feel that it is up to the U.S. to help close the technology gap, but they are not sure how. In response to the clamor abroad, President Johnson recently appointed a committee headed by his science adviser, former Princeton Chemistry Professor Donald Horning, to consider what the U.S. might do. That, fumes Basil de Ferranti, managing director of Britain's I.C.T., was merely "a clever public relations gimmick." Italian Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani proposed a ten-year "Technological Marshall Plan," but he has not yet spelled it out. Short of U.S. companies giving away their trade secrets, it is hard to see how the U.S. could provide much effective help. It could assist in small ways, such as training executives, sponsoring joint research projects, and encouraging direct European investment in the U.S. (apart from Europeans' already vast U.S. stockholdings). French industry is now counter-invading America on a modest scale; aluminum-making Pechiney, for instance, teamed up with American Metal Climax to build an aluminum-reduction plant in the state of Washington.

But all these are palliatives. The problem always returns to the question of European national economic boundaries. Hendrik Casimir, research director of The Netherlands' N.V. Philips Lamp, says ironically: "If America really wants to do something, let it start introducing different currencies in all the 50 states and impose serious boundaries between them. If this experiment were tried, ten or 15 years from now we might well bridge the gap."

The real solution to Europe's largely self-inflicted technology gap is up to the Europeans. It is to mesh the Continent's money, manpower and management by tearing down the old nationalistic walls that divide its markets, restrict competition and protect inefficiency. That prescription is already obvious to almost everybody in the Atlantic Community—except, of course, De Gaulle. "We must become modern in our heads, not only in our gadgets," says Olivetti Managing Director Aurelio Peccei. "It is inconceivable that we in Europe are still bound by the nation-state concept. If we can get rid of these barriers, I see a tremendous upsurge—intellectual and psychological."

In the meantime, the only course for the U.S. seems to be to help narrow the gap in what limited ways it can, but keep up the competitive heat. Real progress often grows out of crises.

# THE WORLD

## RED CHINA

### Dance of the Scorpion

[See Cover]

*Curses, intimidations, threats, black-mail labels to brand people all over the sky and earth, blows at my body, an imperial decree imposed on my head and the rebukes of a certain senior general piercing my ears. Are there any more secret weapons? Bring them all out together. The universe is cleared of all dust. If you do not believe, please wipe your eyes and see.*

In the shadow of the walls of Peking's Forbidden City, where the history of modern China is being written these

any dance of the scorpion—just before it stings itself to death.

**Flooded with Posters.** What the West saw was fragmentary, since only a handful of foreign reporters are permitted in Peking, and they get most of their information from Red Guard posters and pamphlets: it was, for example, the Toronto Globe and Mail's David Oancia who discovered the Mao challenge last week. But though reports often clashed in detail, they left little doubt that the height of the battle was approaching between Mao and his hand-picked heir, Marshal Lin Biao, on the one hand, and the more pragmatic and liberal Politburo faction headed by

wounded and 6,000 arrested and that the city's rail and telephone services were cut. The Great Revolution had clearly begun to devour itself.

**Swim by Swimming.** Like news being flashed on a neon sign in Times Square, accounts of the Nanking battle quickly appeared on Red Guard posters on Peking's walls. "Suddenly," said one wall poster, "an attack was mounted by the workers on our revolutionary group of office, and 20 of our comrades were dragged away." When other Red Guards went to negotiate for their release, "the workers suddenly turned atrocious and ripped off the fingers, noses, tongues and ears of our representatives. After murdering them, they threw the bodies from the fourth-floor windows. The situation in Nanking is exceedingly critical. Already from cities in the neighborhood of Nanking, including Shanghai, the reactionary workers are on the march to Nanking. Bloody clashes on an even larger scale are about to erupt."

In Canton, South China's largest city, the Red Guards were reported to have seized all the city's newspapers and radio stations. In Peking itself, Correspondent Oancia<sup>\*</sup> reported that one night last week gunfire chattered for more than five minutes and that the next morning the inevitable posters appeared, some of them reporting that factory workers had made trouble in the capital's western district. Across China, the Red Guards have met with increasingly stiff resistance in their drive to spread Mao's revolutionary fervor. "One learns how to make a revolution by making it," Mao has said, "just as one learns to swim by swimming." For the Red Guards, the swimming seems more and more to be upstream.

**All Truth.** Despite the new violence and threats of more violence, however, the main war is still being fought with words—thousands upon thousands of them. Most of them deal in sharp vilification of the villains opposing Mao's revolution, or make an effort to arouse indignation and sympathy for Mao and thus broaden the base of mass support that he and Lin Biao must command to make their purge of China successful. The attacks are based on the deeply orthodox belief that the teachings of Mao contain all truth—and that to question or oppose them in any way is to become a heretic who must be exorcised from the body of the faithful.

<sup>\*</sup> Oancia, 37, is the only non-Communist North American correspondent stationed in Red China. The son of Rumanian immigrants to Canada, he is a hard-digging veteran reporter who was sent to Peking in October 1965 after five years of covering Europe and the Middle East. Less than a month after his arrival, he attended a reception at the Russian embassy, where, he cabled, "I clinked champagne glasses with Premier Chou En-lai during the weekend." After the clink, Chou said two words to him in crisp English: "Good luck."



KINDERGARTEN CHILDREN JEERING "U.S. IMPERIALIST" IN CHENGCHOW  
A struggle unprecedented in history in its stakes and scope.

days in foot-high ideographs of pure vitriol, that shrill challenge was published last week over the name of Mao Tse-tung, the Red Emperor of China. The world indeed wiped its eyes in astonishment as Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, aimed at "purifying" Chinese Communism, erupted into strife and stridency so bitter that it produced widespread chaos and verged on civil war. The revolution that for 18 years has enchained China's 750 million people to Communism openly degenerated into a personal power struggle virtually unprecedented in history in its scope and stakes. Chinese fought Chinese in the cities, and the ubiquitous *tatzebao*, or posters, attacked with such catholic ferocity—condemning both Mao's enemies and his lieutenants—that there may soon be no one left un denounced in all of Red China. To many observers in both the West and the East, it seemed as if China were reaching the final stages of the legend-

ary Chinese President Liu Shao-chi on the other. The Yugoslav news agency Tanjug reported that Peking was "flooded with posters and cartoons of a sinister nature, depicting numerous Chinese leaders"—and not forgetting to include Lyndon Johnson, whose caricature was attacked by children bearing spears.

In the eastern Chinese city of Nanking (pop. 1.5 million), the words and pictures of violence gave way to violence itself. The Czechoslovakian news agency reported that some 500,000 workers had poured into the city, determined to wipe out Mao's local Red Guard contingent and end its harassing techniques. For four days, the two factions fought furiously in the streets. More than 60,000 prisoners were taken by both sides, and many were tortured in the best Chinese fashion. Said the Czechs: "Their fingers, noses and ears were chopped off, their tongues cut out." Japan's Kyodo news service reported that 54 persons were killed, 900



RED GUARDS POLING BARGE ON LAKE IN PEKING'S PEI HAI PARK  
Into the dustbin of mindless litanies.

President Liu Shao-chi last week was depicted in wall cartoons as Don Quixote charging against Mao's teaching. Beside him, as Sancho Panza, rode Liu's chief ally against Mao, Party Secretary Teng Hsiao-ping. A less kind cartoon showed Liu as a barking dog being drowned under the sun of Mao's teachings, and Liu's wife was crudely caricatured as a prostitute. That cutty note may well have been the inspiration of Mrs. Mao, who likes to go by her screen name of Chiang Ching, which she acquired as a grade B bit actress in Shanghai in the 1930s. In the last two months, she has emerged from 25 years of obscurity to take over the cultural direction of the revolution. Last week, along with revolutionary Cheerleader and close Mao Intimate Chen Po-ta, she seemed to be running things in Peking, while Mao and Lin were in Shanghai.

As interim purge director, Chiang Ching uncorked a fresh villain, and one of the least likely: Mao's propaganda chief Tao Chu, who only five months ago was bumped up by Mao to No. 4 rank in the ruling hierarchy—trailing only Mao himself, Lin Piao and the durable Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai. Until last week Ta' Chu had been one of the few certified Mao heroes of the revolution, providing much of the verbal firepower for the purge. But Chiang Ching denounced Tao Chu last week as a "bourgeois reactionary," one of the dirtiest epithets in the Maoist lexicon; and immediately the Red Guards responded. One version, in fact, had it that Tao Chu had been publicly humiliated in the streets of Peking.

**Sun God.** The naked struggle for personal power in Peking was becoming so vicious that no one was any longer immune from at least passing poster defamation—partly because Liu and his supporters seemed to be putting up a few posters of their own, thereby confusing everyone. Thus last week posters popped up demanding: "Burn Chou En-lai to death!" As fast as they went up, they were torn down and replaced with

signs proclaiming that anyone against Chou ought to have "his head bashed in." Foreign Minister Chen Yi, considered a Mao man, was also attacked. When Reuters attempted to file a report of the attack on Chou, the Peking telegraph office refused to send it. Since the Red Chinese seldom censor anything that foreign reporters cable, Chou obviously has admirers somewhere. So Byzantine has the name calling become that last week for the first time even Mao himself was vilified in scattered posters calling him "a fanatic."

To dare attack Mao Tse-tung in China today, however fierce the battle raging around him, is in itself a dangerously fanatic act. At 73, Mao is still the Sun God (as he is so often depicted, his face radiating fire in all directions), father figure and charismatic czar of Chinese Communism. Under the aegis of Mao's Cultural Revolution, some 110 million youths above the age of nine have been excused from school since last June, either to serve in the Red Guards or simply cavort around the countryside while studying Mao's writings and singing his praises to everyone within earshot. A peasant in remote Sinkiang province may never know anything about the current battle for power, but if he knows nothing else, he will know who Mao is and what he says. Even if Mao's opponents should ultimately triumph, they would probably have to do so without impugning Mao personally. Lin Piao may succeed Mao, on the other hand, but he can only do so on Mao's enormous coattails, which have dominated Chinese Communist history all the way back to the days of the Long March and the caves of Yenan.

**Bourgeois Backsliding.** Given Mao's immense prestige, the wonder is that Mao and Lin are finding it so difficult to oust Liu Shao-chi & Co. and implement the Cultural Revolution. That they are having trouble is attested to by every

indicator coming out of Peking. For all the increasingly violent denunciations of Liu and Teng in posters and pamphlets, both are still in office and presumably at their desks in the Forbidden City. The official Chinese news organs have never accused them of any misdeeds by name, only by implication. Of all the other officials condemned for bourgeois backsliding, such as the two former mayors of Peking, Peng Chen and Li Hsueh-feng, only one, Chou Yang, former Deputy Propaganda Chief, has ever actually been imprisoned.

Maoist and Red Guard pronouncements often have a tellingly defensive, almost plaintive tone. Posters claimed last week that Mao had been forced against his will to relinquish the presidency of China to Liu in 1958 and that he had had to exile himself to Shanghai for eight months in 1965-66 because Liu and a "wedge" in the Politburo had opposed his plans abhorring for the Cultural Revolution. One even quotes Mao as saying that at the time, "they treated me as if I were their dead parent at a funeral." Since, until the current conflict, all the evidence has indicated that Mao was complete boss in China, Sinologists to a man do not believe the poster tales. But Mao and the Red Guards apparently think that the stories are worth putting out as a means of winning popular sympathy for Mao's side. One poster last week even had Mao confessing his errors in elevating Lin and Teng to "the front line" of the Politburo's eight-man Standing Committee—an unprecedented admission of human fallibility for the Red Emperor.

**Those in Authority.** Nothing made Mao and Lin's difficulties in dumping their opponents plainer than the nation's official New Year's Day editorial, published simultaneously in the People's Daily and Red Flag. It recounted how "persons in authority" first opposed the Red Guards and the revolution. "Those persons reversed right and wrong, jug-



PRO-MAO POSTERS ON HANGCHOW BUDDHA  
With a Leap writ large in madness.



## HEROES



MAO



MRS. MAO



LIN PIAO



RED GUARDS IN SHANGHAI  
Was a plan working to perfection?

gled black and white, encircled and suppressed revolutionaries, clamped down on different views, practiced white terror." While predicting that the Red Guards would carry the revolution "to all classes in 1967," the editorial over and over again railed against "those within the party who are in authority and are taking the capitalist road," and who are "making sure of their social base and their influence inside the party." Only by "mobilizing the masses of workers and peasants, who form 90% of the population, will it be possible today to defeat" the enemies of Mao-think. That is hardly a trumpet of victory being sounded: it gives the impression, in fact, that Liu and his faction still command at least as much support as Mao's legions—and perhaps more.

Part of the Mao faction's difficulties no doubt turn on straightforward personal power politics. Until the purge began, Liu Shao-chi had long been ranked No. 2 behind Mao, and was his heir apparent. Like any politician, Liu surely resented Lin's vault into the position of dauphin—and is fighting to cut him back down to size. In such a battle, Liu commands considerable resources. Mao may have been the sun shining on Red Chinese Communism, but in the last two decades it was Liu who got down on the ground and cultivated the party apparatus. All seven governors of the provinces of China are Liu's appointees; and hundreds, if not thousands, of lesser party and government officials owe their jobs to Liu, whatever their lip service to Mao.

Even all that would hardly suffice to protect Liu if Mao had chosen to act quickly and decisively in a classic purge. But he did not, for Mao's purge is part and parcel of a far vaster dream that is contained in his Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. It is the romantic nostalgia of an aging revolutionary who wants to turn back the clock. Mao moved when he saw that China had begun to show signs of the same mellowing of aspirations, the same desire for material well-being above ideology, that to his horror he had watched overtake Russia in the years after Stalin. Mao does not want to go the way of Stalin in history after his death, nor does he want China to go the way of "bourgeois, revisionist" Russia. "He seeks nothing less than the rejuvenation of a great revolution," says Hong Kong Sinologist Mark Gayn, "the rebirth in middle age of the drive, the passion, the selflessness and the discipline it had in its youth a third of a century ago."

**No Tape Recording.** Mao chose the People's Liberation Army, as one instrument to spread the revolution, and put Defense Minister Lin Biao to work preparing it for its mission of spreading the gospel—and trying to ensure its loyalty, which is the key to much that happens in Red China. Always far more than a fighting machine, the P.L.A. engages in everything from road and dam construction to social services to making

propaganda movies. A year before the Revolution got under way, Lin abolished ranks in the P.L.A., a hint of how far back toward some vision of beneficent anarchy Mao intended to turn the Chinese clock.

Then Lin and Mao created the Red Guards by the simple if shudder-making device of closing the high schools and universities of China indefinitely and turning the nation's youth loose on one long, glorious holiday of travel and excitement in the service of Mao. Lin's army helped organize the youth into coherent bands, equipped them with uniforms and badges, and sent them out to give their elders what-for in a lark whose attractiveness any teeny-bopper or Berkeley rebel would instantly recognize. Mao thus hoped to fire with revolutionary fervor the very generation that he felt Russia had lost to "revisionism," the generation of Red Chinese that Dean Rusk once expressed the hope might be "recuperated." The Red Guards were not, after all, a new idea in history: Germany had its Hitler Jugend, Millions of Red Guards poured into Peking and other big Chinese cities. How well Mao's notion has worked could be seen last week in a wall poster signed by Liu Shao-chi's own daughter, in which she denounced her father and mother, accusing them, among other things, of not allowing her to tape record their conversations at home.

**Mao-Think.** Legions at the ready, Mao set out last June to throw China back into an age of simplicity and Spartan evangelical purity that it had never really known. If China's young no longer needed education, neither did any working adult need expertise: for both, the contemplation of Mao's teachings was enough. Explorers lost in the Gobi Desert threw away their compasses and were led out by Mao-think. A North China girl spinner started out tending 100 spindles at a time but, after studying Mao's works, was soon handling 1,600 with ease. Top-quality steel was forthcoming from an out-of-date converter once the operator began "applying the philosophical concepts expounded in Mao Tse-tung's writings." The *Peking Review* carried an article entitled: "How We Invented a Handy, Light, Well-Finished and Inexpensive Electric Wall-Ramming Machine by Grasping the Principle of Contradiction."

Inspiring as such examples seemed in print, to the level-headed men charged with running China on a day-to-day basis—from factory managers to government bureaucrats to party officials like Liu and Teng—it looked like the Great Leap Forward of 1958 writ large in madness. By its do-it-yourself backyard-foundry mania, Mao's Great Leap had cost China several years of economic growth. The new revolution was to be far more encompassing, and it also threatened the technocrats' jobs. In a factory run by Mao-think, who needs a manager or even an engineer?

Not surprisingly, when the first bands



of Red Guards approached the assembly lines last fall, with their little, red pocket versions of Mao's works, some ugly clashes took place. Chou En-lai, always the mediator, stepped in and decreed that Red Guards were henceforth to refrain from interfering in industrial production or farming methods. But at the same time, Lin made plain to the Red Guards that the retreat was only temporary so far as Mao's grand scheme was concerned.

Meantime, nearly every other element in Chinese society was under some sort of purifying assault. Such cultural entities as the National Peking Opera Theater were put under army control for having harbored artists who tried to "undermine the revolution and oppose change." China's Young Communist League was disbanded and replaced by the Red Guards, the Women's Federation condemned, and the Trade Union Federation declared to be rotten with revisionism. Even the directors of the New China News Agency were attacked last week and demands made that they be ousted.

**Everyone Antagonized.** Purposely or not, the result has been that Mao and the purgers have antagonized and threatened nearly every educated man and woman gainfully employed in Red China. To the men who care about China's future and want to bring it into the modern world of comparative well-being and technology, the revolution threatens to sweep all the painful achievements of nearly 20 years into the dustbin and consign China to a dark age of mindless communal litany and Mao-worshiping. To the men in the governments of the provinces far from the Politburo battles of Peking, the revolution brings trainloads of Red Guards usurping their authority and rocking tidy little boats that have been carefully caulked over the years.

It is all of this that has enabled the opponents of Mao and the Red Guards to gather resources against them that come from deep in the vitals of China. It is this support, which runs throughout the Chinese Communist structure, that prevents Mao from forcibly removing Liu and Teng from office.

But Mao is pressing the attack. The New Year's editorial warned that industry's freedom from interference by the Red Guards, negotiated by Chou En-lai, is now over. Some Sinologists think that Chou En-lai may indeed be in trouble with the Maoists, as the first round of last week's posters indicated, precisely because he counseled moderation rather than flat-out revolution in the first place. There are hints in the Chinese press that the police, who have so far scrupulously stayed out of what has essentially been a literary battle by poster, may soon be called into action to round up Mao's enemies.

In Peking and other large cities where the Red Guards have given the Maoists control by sheer weight of obnoxious numbers, such roundups

would be fairly easy. Not so in the provinces, where conservatism is strong and resistance to the revolution is greatest. Because so much of the People's Liberation Army has its roots in the provinces, there is no assurance that it would necessarily take orders from Lin Piao in a showdown. Bloody clashes between army units and Red Guards were reported last fall in a few places, and since then Lin Piao has pointedly not used the army in the struggle. Reason: Lin fears that its use might trigger full-scale civil war.

**Confusion & Contradiction.** What comes next in the battle is as unpredictable as tomorrow morning's posters on Peking's walls. The ways of the Chinese have always been virtually past finding out, even before the arcane mosaic of Communist politics was overlaid on them. It may well be that, for one side or the other, a carefully orchestrated plan is working to perfection, with confusion and contradiction integral to its method. Or it may be that the battle is now raging so far and furiously that not even the participants are sure what is going on any more.

Speculation is as rife as it is unpredictable. Lin Piao is seen by some to be shrewdly manipulating a senile Mao to get his inheritance, employing the Great Revolution as the greatest gambit in history. The emergence of Chiang Ching has sent Chinese scholars scurrying to their dynastic histories to wonder if Mrs. Mao may become the fourth woman in history to preside over the destinies of the world's largest nation. All that is certain so far is that China is going through an upheaval the like of which has not been seen since the French Revolution.

The Russians, who have good reason to fear the madness of their hostile next-door neighbor, have actively urged the Chinese people to overthrow Mao. Presumably, Moscow thinks Liu Shao-chi would prove more amenable, which might or might not be true. French Sinologist Pierre D'Arcourt argues that it would be an error for either Moscow or Washington to assume that China's foreign policy will be much altered, no matter who wins. Both factions, he says, "are pro-Chinese in the most Chinese way, and the actual fight now going on is as classically Chinese as Confucius."

Moscow is not letting sentiment interfere with judgment, and its judgment is that Mao is winning. The Japanese, on the other hand, who also must live beside the thrashing Goliath and who watch it equally closely, think that Mao may be losing. No one is willing to hazard how long the contest will go on, how much more turmoil and bloodshed there may be before the dust of Mao's universe finally settles. What is unambiguous beyond question is the enormity of the stakes being played for in China's clash of the Red mandarins—not only for the Chinese people but for a watching and waiting world.

## VILLAINS



LIU SHAO-CHI & WIFE



TAO CHU



PENG CHEN & TENG HSIAO-PING



LI HSUEH-FENG



CHOU EN-LAI

Or was a revolution devouring itself?

## THE WAR

### Off at the Elbow

Unlike World War II and Korea, when enemy airmen aggressively contested its control of the skies, the U.S. has found the air over North Viet Nam relatively empty of challenge. Most of the American planes shot down have fallen to antiaircraft fire and SAM missiles. Indeed, until last week the entire 23 months of the air war had produced only 37 air-to-air "kills"—27 of them against the enemy. Uninterested in dogfighting, the North Vietnamese prefer to harass U.S. fighter-bombers on their runs over the North, attempting by feints, forays and cannon fire to make the Americans jettison their bombloads short of target or burn extra fuel in evasive maneuvers. Last week the U.S. set an aerial ambush to end that harassment—and in the process chopped Ho Chi Minh's air arm off at the elbow. Final tally: destruction of nine MIGs, representing nearly half of the North's best aircraft and one-tenth of its total air strength.

**Swirling Battle.** The ambush was classic in its simplicity. Out of Thailand swept 14 flights of Air Force Phantoms, heading toward "MIG Valley," the industrial envelope 30 miles northwest of Hanoi. American intelligence officers had already noted that the North Vietnamese usually scrambled their fighters when U.S. planes approached this sensitive sector, but this time the 50 incoming planes were not cumbersome fighter-bombers. Instead, the Phantoms were flying "clean," without the bombs and extra fuel tanks that reduce maneuverability. To North Vietnamese radar, however, they looked just like fighter-bombers, and up came the MIGs to harass them. What resulted was the first pitched battle between the two best operational fighters in the world: the Communist MIG-21 "Fishbed" and the American F-4C Phantom.

"It was a swirling battle that covered a huge part of the sky," said Air Force Colonel Robin Olds, 44, who led the fighter sweep. The MIG-21s pressed in aggressively on the first three flights of Phantoms, hoping to use their 30-mm cannon inside the deadly jaw range of the American Sidewinder and Sparrow air-to-air missiles. Olds, an All-American football player in his West Point days and 241-kill ace during World War II, picked off one MIG by flipping his Phantom on its back and then diving in behind the enemy plane to send a Sidewinder straight up the MIG's tailpipe.

Other Americans used their missiles to equal effect. Standing off from the Communist cannon fire, they locked on target with radar and sent six more MIGs down in flaming fragments. The entire fight took scarcely 12 minutes—a commentary on the speed of modern warfare—and only one Phantom was damaged (hit by chunks of a disintegrating MIG). When they returned to base, the flyers received well-earned recognition: a third Silver Star for Olds, Dis-



FIGHTER PILOT OLDS  
Classical in its simplicity.

tinguished Flying Crosses for the 13 other aviators who had scored.

**Aging Aviator.** The trap play worked again later in the week when Phantoms knocked down two more MIG-21s over the same area. That brought the American kill ratio in aerial combat to nearly 4-1, and raised the question of whether North Viet Nam's air force could afford many further tangles. Clearly, Ho's air strength is inadequate to counter the American armada alone. Pentagon intelligence shows that Hanoi possesses at most 101 aircraft, controlled, flown and maintained by a scant 3,500 officers and men. Moreover, it is an aging aviary: before last week's kills, only 20 to 25 of the planes were modern, high-performance MIG-21s. Still on the ground are some 80 slower, less maneuverable MIG-15s and 17s, which Hanoi is loath to commit to combat.

F-4C		MIG-21	
59,000 lbs.	Gross weight	18,800 lbs.	
1,450 m.p.h.	Max. speed	1,150 m.p.h.	
71,000 ft.	Ceiling	60,000 ft.	
30,000 f.p.m.	Rate of climb	10,000 f.p.m.	
900 mi.	Combat radius	375 mi.	
24,000 lbs.	Max. engine thrust	12,500 lbs.	
8 Sparrows or 8 Sidewinders	Armament	8 air-to-air missiles, 1 or 2 30-mm. cannon	

For the past two months, though, the North has been building its air force—slowly in numbers, more swiftly in terms of training. "They're getting better," says U.S. Air Force Lieut. Colonel Robert E. Wayne, "and they are far more aggressive than before." Part of that aggressiveness is due to the presence of some 50 North Korean jet pilots who arrived in North Viet Nam in December to train Hanoi's aviators. Peking and Moscow almost certainly have advisers in the North, but so far at least they have not flown in combat against the U.S.

**Plump Targets.** The MIGs have used several bases since they first scrambled to challenge the U.S. in the air. Over the past 21 months, they have been spotted at Kep (37 miles northeast of Hanoi), Cat Bi (five miles southeast of Haiphong), and Gia Lam (just across the Red River from downtown Hanoi). Lately, most of the MIGs are flying from Phuoc Yen, a fully equipped jet strip with a 10,000-ft. runway some 15 miles northwest of Hanoi. The airfields themselves are plump targets, and in any earlier air war they would have been among the first sites to be hit.

Many American airmen feel frustrated at leaving Phuoc Yen unscathed, would like to take out the MIGs on the hardstands. But the top command would rather have them where they are, and know they are there, than bomb the fields and force the escapers to take refuge in Red China, from which they could continue to operate over North Viet Nam. That would force the U.S. to decide whether to follow them over the border. After all, says Air Force Secretary Harold Brown, "we're doing pretty well without attacking the airfields." Last week's nine kills are clear proof of that.

## LAOS

### A Fragile Web

Since the Geneva accords of 1962 established its tripartite "neutrality," the landlocked, Lilliputian kingdom of Laos has teetered continually on the cliff-edge of chaos. Torn between the demands of the rightist Royal Laotian Army and the intransigent Communist Pathet Lao, which controls nearly half of the country, Neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma maintains a façade of government simply because he is the only Premier acceptable to both the West and the Communist powers. Last week, when Laotians went to the polls to elect a new National Assembly in the first countrywide elections since 1960, foreign observers from a dozen capitals from Moscow to Washington waited nervously for the outcome in the sleepy capital of Vientiane. They had good reason to be nervous: a defeat for the courtly, autocratic Souvanna would almost certainly precipitate another major Southeast Asian crisis to complicate the war in Viet Nam.

**Battle Refuge.** Sparsely populated Laos (2,500,000 people) has little of value to fight over. But it is strategic-



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pressed with its noticeably more spirited V-8 performance, its variable ratio power steering and its superb cornering ability. They also appreciate Cadillac's unexcelled safety features like the new General Motors-developed energy absorbing steering column, padded instrument

panel and folding seat backs that latch securely in place. Finally, Cadillac's wide selection of twelve models—including the excitingly new Eldorado—provides an unparalleled choice of body styles and interior luxury. Isn't it time you, too, drove the most acclaimed Cadillac of all?



WATSON/FAIRCHILD CADILLAC MOTOR DIV. DETROIT

*Surprisingly New*  *Superbly Cadillac*



if you're frozen food people ... we're frozen food people too

our package is the partner  
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container corporation of america



cally situated at the axis of six other nations with which it shares common borders: Red China, Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, and North and South Viet Nam. Through the eastern half of Laos, controlled by the Pathet Lao, stretches the Ho Chi Minh trail, over which the North Vietnamese regularly infiltrate South Viet Nam. More than 75,000 North Vietnamese troops are now on Laotian soil, between 20,000 and 30,000 of them combat troops and the rest anti-aircraft units, engineers and construction workers. North Vietnamese troops operating in South Viet Nam frequently use Laos as a refuge to escape from attack, and some of them mix with the Pathet Lao during periodic attacks on the Royal Laotian Army.

Bad as this situation is, the U.S. prefers it to resumption of the open conflict that rent the country before the 1962 Geneva settlement; the Communists also prefer the status quo to any upset that would enlarge the Southeast Asian war and perhaps bring U.S. troops into Laos. If Souvanna Phouma were to fail, both sides would find it extremely difficult to agree on a successor. An impasse might cause the Red bloc to recognize Pathet Lao Leader Prince Souphanouvong, Souvanna's half brother, as the ruler of Laos—thus almost certainly thrusting Laos directly into open war.

**Caught in a Vise.** Souvanna Phouma did not have to fear the Communists in the elections: the Pathet Lao boycotted them. His strongest opposition came from the rightist south, where portly Prince Bouin Oum—his predecessor as Premier until 1962—was attempting a comeback with the aid of southern army commanders and Deputy Premier Leuam Insiengmay. Souvanna also faced trouble in the north, where Guerrilla Leader Vang Pao had picked his own candidates, afraid that the military rightists led by General Kouprasith Abhay, Souvanna's chief backer, would become too powerful and attempt to bring his anti-Communist Meo tribesmen under Royal Army control.

Caught in a regional vise, Souvanna first attempted to create a National United Front Party embracing all ideological elements, but was blocked by Deputy Premier Leuam, who feared that the party would fall into leftist control. "There was no platform, no common ideology," said Leuam. "I could not possibly join it." Thwarted from both left and right, Souvanna was forced to allow more than 150 candidates for 59 National Assembly seats to run as independents—who might or might not back him if elected. He hedged the danger by weaving a complex web of alliances and patronage promises, then sat back to await the results. The night before the election, he invited 1,500 guests to a white-tie

party at which the deadliest enemies ate and drank and gave each other the long Lao handshake that can last through an entire conversation.

**More Magnanimous.** Into the polling places—Buddhist temples, tin-roofed schools, thatched jungle huts—swarmed 420,000 of the electorate. Somehow, Souvanna's web held. By week's end more than 30 of his supporters were elected, giving him a clear majority. In dismissing the previous Assembly for refusing to approve his budget, Souvanna had declared: "If the next Assembly is no better than the last, then I shall get rid of it." After the elections, though, he felt magnanimous. At a Vientiane news conference that included



Russians, Americans and Red Chinese, he said: "I believe the new Deputies will work with me. If so, we can hope that the relative peace we have enjoyed for the past three years will continue and we will not be dragged into total war."

Still, loyalties are never long-lived in Laos, and Souvanna's fragile web of alliances—of groups loyal to the top ten ruling families, to the military and to other regional powers besides himself—could easily rip. Fiery Neutralist General Kong Le, who fled Laos after a dustup over dragons' eggs (TIME, Oct. 21), was in Indonesia and uneasily noncommittal. Army Commander Kouprasith, who has his own ambitions for Laos, was enigmatically silent. A lot would depend on how Souvanna Phouma and the new Assembly get along together after it convenes in early February.

## WESTERN EUROPE

### Big Step

Europe last week witnessed the creation of the first major industrial free-trade area among sovereign nations in modern times. The European Free Trade Association, composed of seven nations on the perimeter of the Common Market, eliminated the last remaining industrial tariffs among its members. It reached its goal a full 18 months ahead of the Common Market's scheduled reduction to zero of all tariff levels on industrial products.

### Next Step?

To mark the Common Market's tenth anniversary, Italian Foreign Minister Amintore Fanfani suggested last month that a summit meeting of the rulers of the Six be held in Rome in April. Last week, to everyone's surprise, France's Charles de Gaulle, usually scornful of such supranationalism, let it be known that he will go to Rome "if a meeting is held." A top question will be the possible admission of Great Britain. So far, De Gaulle has said no, but now there are hopes that he may relent. If he does, he will have lots of company: everyone else wants Britain in.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### An Unprofitable Robbery

Stealing art has always been as unprofitable—and about as risky—as rustling elephants from a zoo. Just how varied are the frustrations of this form of larceny became quickly apparent last week to a band of thieves who carried away from a little college "picture gallery" in London's outskirts the most valuable art haul on record.

The gang members were vocationally talented; they drilled 48 holes to remove a panel in a stout oak door of the Dulwich College museum without tripping an alarm attached to the frame. Their taste in art was impeccable; they snatched eight old masters worth some \$7,000,000, including three Rembrandts (among them the widely admired *A Girl at a Window*). What they had not figured out was who would pay them for their night's work. The college was heavily in debt, and in no position to afford a ransom. None of the works were insured, a fact that ruled out any hope that an insurance company would pay up to recover them.

To add to the gang's woes, the criminal underworld was less than patient with such a crime—especially when Scotland Yard began systematically raiding their haunts in a search for the paintings. Two days after the theft, a tip from the underworld brought police to an apartment where two Rembrandts and a Rubens were found under a bed. Another phone call—police theorize that this one was from the distressed gang itself—led them to a park, where they found the other paintings wrapped in newspaper under a holly bush.





PATRICIA & THE EARL AT MUSIC RECITAL  
*Happily, the question may not be put.*

## The Liabilities of Being a Lord

To the casual observer, the Earl of Harewood would seem a very proper lord. A first cousin of Queen Elizabeth, he stands 18th in succession to the British throne, has an excellent wartime record (Grenadier Guards), an elegant estate at Leeds, a lively interest in music, and is chairman of some very prestigious committees. The late Queen Mary, King George VI and Queen Mother Elizabeth all attended his 1949 wedding to talented Pianist Maria Stein, who subsequently bore him three sons.

In 1959, flying from Turin to Paris, Lord Harewood noticed a pretty girl with a violin on her lap. She was Australian-born Patricia Tuckwell, a onetime model, divorcee, and a violinist with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. They began to see each other, were in turn seen together (often at concerts). In 1964 she bore him a son.

**Some Problems.** The liaison was well known in Mayfair circles, but last week, when the earl's wife started divorce proceedings on grounds of adultery, it became public knowledge. It was the first time that a member of the royal family had been named as the guilty partner in such a suit. The earl will not contest the case; he intends to marry his new lady "if and when they are legally free to do so."

In England, that presents some problems. Though the earl can be divorced like any ordinary Briton, remarriage is another matter. Harewood comes under the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, which was rammed through Parliament by George III in an effort to stop his kin from keeping house with commoners. The act requires the sovereign's permission for any royal marriage; the punishment for ignoring it is to deny the title to the offender's wife and children.

**A Way Out.** All of which leaves Queen Elizabeth and her cousin in an embarrassing position. As temporal head of the Church of England, the Queen can hardly be expected to give her happy consent to the marriage of a divorced earl and a woman who is herself a divorcee. Happily, however, the question may not be put to her. There is another way out: the earl and his lady may marry without royal consent if he first informs the Privy Council of his intentions, then waits one year. Or the earl may follow the example of George III's own sons, marry—and damn the consequences. Either way, said London's *Evening Standard*, would be a satisfactory one of dealing with "one of the most ridiculous anachronisms of the British monarchy."

In today's mini-Britain, the consensus seems to be that royalty deserves to be treated like commoners.

## SPAIN

### Coming Alive

A curious thing happened in Madrid. To promote their demands for higher pay, 3,000 telephone-equipment workers took to the streets on New Year's Eve and started marching toward the center of town. Police headed them off and arrested six leaders of the march. Then an even more curious thing happened. Last week the workers staged a sitdown strike to protest the arrests—and won. Before the strike was five hours old, the police, at the behest of the Labor Ministry, dropped charges against all six labor leaders and released them.

**Sting Removed.** The strike in Madrid was not an isolated case. After long years of suppression by the Franco regime, the Spanish labor movement is beginning to come alive. Late in 1965,

Franco signed a law granting Spaniards the right to strike for the first time since the Civil War. True enough, the right was carefully limited. No strike that had the slightest political overtones would be allowed, and no strike of any kind could be called until labor leaders had gone through weeks of mediation and complicated bureaucratic process to obtain government permission.

But with the sting of official disapproval removed from the act of striking, the regime has not tried to enforce all the law's stipulations. Government mediators have been working furiously since mid-December to try to head off a nationwide rail strike threatened by the National Transportation Syndicate, a supposedly docile trade union controlled by the government. In Barcelona last week, a series of sitdown strikes at the government-owned SEAT auto plant brought a government agreement to study the workers' demands for higher pay. In Bilbao, 750 sheet-metal workers have been on strike since the end of November to protest "contract violations" by their employer.

**Modicum of Affluence.** Even before they were granted the right to strike, the workers' lot had been gradually improving. Under pressure from the boss of its own *sindicatos*, a labor-minded Falangist named José Solís Ruiz, the regime has raised the minimum wage twice in the past ten years, from 60¢ a day to \$1.40. And that is only a starting point. Most Spanish workers also take home incentive pay, family allowance and a variety of other fringe benefits that boost their average income to between \$4 and \$7 a day. Their paychecks stretch a long way. Rent seldom comes to more than \$40 a month. Potatoes cost 3¢ a lb., bread 7¢, wine 12¢ a liter.

Just at a time when he is beginning



METALWORKERS ON STRIKE IN BILBAO  
*Carefully limited, but still a start.*



## Pick the right day to test drive a VW and you'll have the road to yourself.

Back when the weather was good, everybody was inviting you to come in and test drive their new whatever.

But now that the weather isn't so good (and a test drive is really a test), the invitations have dropped off sharply.

Now maybe you can spare a little time to try out the new Volkswagen.

Not right this minute. Wait for a nice lousy day. The next time it's snowing or slushing or something like that, drive down

to your VW dealer. If you can make it in your car.)

He'll be happy to take you out and show you how a Volkswagen works when hardly anything else does.

How the weight of the motor oil the rear wheels makes the VW dig in and go, in the snow or the mud, or even on ice.

As you pass all the stranded cars that passed their test drives in balmy days, he'll tell you about the VW's other con-

weather comforts.

The air-cooled motor. It doesn't freeze over, so it doesn't need anti-freeze or a winter thermostat.

And if you have to leave the car out on a cold wet night, it's got four coats of paint and a sealed bottom to keep it cozy.

You've even got an edge with a Volkswagen if the worst happens and you get stuck.

What could be easier to push?



to enjoy a modicum of affluence, however, the Spanish worker is being pressed by inflation, which is running at a rate of about 5% a year, and by a slowdown of the general boom that Spain has enjoyed for the past seven years. Production lines no longer operate day and night, overtime has been reduced, and many factories have been forced to lay off some of their working force. Result: a wave of strikes aimed at maintaining the standard of living to which the workers have only recently become accustomed. Once a worker is making \$200 a month, he finds it difficult to settle for less—particularly when it may mean losing his television set and his car to the finance companies.

The worker may not have to settle for less in the long run, for more liberalization is apparently in the offing. Spain's new constitution, approved by Spanish voters last month, calls for a complete overhaul of the nation's labor laws. The legislation is still being drawn up, but it is expected to include a general relaxation of government control over the *sindicatos*, the nation's only legal labor organizations, and thus to make them more representative of the workers' demands. If the recent past is any indication, it may not be long before strikes no longer make news in Franco's Spain.

## BRAZIL

### Some Unpleasant Business

Brazil's President-elect Artur da Costa e Silva is having a high old time. On a good will tour of the world, he has already visited Portugal, Belgium, Germany and France, where he went to the Lido but did not see De Gaulle. Last week he flew to Italy and was received by Pope Paul VI and Premier Aldo Moro, then winged on for Bangkok,

Hong Kong, Honolulu, Los Angeles, and finally New York and Washington, where he will stay in Blair House as the President's guest late this month. He will not return home, in fact, until about six weeks before his inauguration on March 15—just in time to put together his Cabinet. For his own sake, that is just as well. So long as Costa e Silva is abroad, Brazilians tend not to associate him with some rather unpleasant business that is going on in his absence.

In the two months remaining to him, Brazil's lame-duck President Humberto Castello Branco is restlessly pursuing his aim of completing the drastic remodeling of Brazil that he began after the army rebellion that overthrew Leftist President João Goulart in April of 1964. During his drive to transform his country into a disciplined and modern society, Castello Branco has increasingly avoided Congress and simply started decreeing laws in what a top U.S. diplomat calls "an orgy of Calvinistic legislation." Calvinistic it may be, but it is a badly needed antidote for the orgy of inflationist and frequently pro-Communist legislation that Brazil's past governments have so often championed.

Certainty in Congress. Castello Branco has drawn up a new constitution that will give the President wide powers of decree (TIME, Dec. 16), announced a new press bill that provides stiff fines and up to four years in prison for magazine and newspaper editors who print anything "prejudicial to national security." He is drafting a new law that will give the President sweeping powers to deal with "security" cases. Last week he decreed a new business tax that slaps a 5% levy on shareholder profits. Since the government's ARENA party holds a 304-seat majority in Congress (compared with 168 for the opposition), the plucky little President is certain to get his way.

Though both are military men, Castello Branco was cool to Costa e Silva's bid for the presidency, for which he had decided not to run. As the ARENA party's picked candidate, Costa e Silva pledged during his campaign to maintain and develop Castello Branco's revolutionary policies, but promised that he would try to "humanize" them. Brazil could stand some humanizing right now. Though Castello Branco has accomplished many things—cut the budget, slowed inflation, attracted new foreign investment—Brazilians are discouraged by years of harsh austerity and repression.

Even so, Costa e Silva has little choice but to continue in Castello Branco's footsteps. Though out of office, Castello Branco will continue to command strong support within the Brazilian army. Just as he helped to overthrow Goulart, he could cause much trouble for Costa e Silva should the new government waver on the austere path he has set for Brazil.



ARIAS & DAME MARGOT IN PANAMA  
With applause from friend and foe.

## PANAMA

### Another Kind of Victory

By far the most celebrated candidate in Panama's 1964 congressional elections was a dashing aristocrat named Roberto ("Tito") Arias. Part of his glory was admittedly reflected: both his father and an uncle had been Presidents of Panama, and his wife was Britain's foremost ballerina, Dame Margot Fonteyn. But Tito Arias could claim his own marks as well. Twice (when his family or friends were in power) he had been his country's Ambassador to London. Twice (when opposition families were in power) he had led spectacular, quixotic plots to overthrow the government, the last time in 1959 when, together with Dame Margot and an "army" of seven men, he landed on the beaches near Panama City from a fleet consisting of two shrimp boats.

With such romantic exploits behind him, Arias easily won his 1964 race for the National Assembly. But before he could take his seat, his luck ran out. A disgruntled political crony shot him down in the street. Hit four times in the neck, shoulder and chest, Arias was left paralyzed from the neck down, unable even to speak. His political career seemed over. Dame Margot flew from London to be with him, took him back to Britain, where he was hospitalized for two years while he received medical care and therapy. Dame Margot gave up her jet-set social life to spend her offstage hours at his bedside. The convalescence was slow, painful and only partial; Arias will probably never walk again, and his speech is still incomprehensible to everyone but his wife. Last year Tito Arias was finally pronounced well enough to leave the hospital.

Last week, back in Panama, Arias was helped into a convertible and driven with his wife through the streets of Panama City, in a sort of triumphal return marked by clusters of waving people along the way. With Dame Margot proudly pushing his wheelchair, he entered the National Assembly as it reconvened for 1967 and claimed the seat he had won more than two years ago.



COSTA E SILVA & CASTELLO BRANCO  
In footsteps clear and austere.

Six times in the course of the session, all 41 members, friend and enemy alike, stood and applauded Tito Arias for a victory far more impressive than any that has ever been won at the polls.

## THE CONGO

### Crisis Over Copper

Congo President Joseph Mobutu last week nationalized the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, the Belgian company that provided a living for 100,000 Congolese, accounted for about one-half of the government's revenues and 70% of the nation's foreign exchange. He thus took revenge on an institution that he held responsible for Moïse Tshombe's Katanga secession in 1961, and that he charged with bilking the Congo out of its rightful share of the company's profits.

Mobutu turned all the company's copper-mining installations and other assets over to a new Congolese company, gave it a ten-man board of directors composed entirely of Congolese, and made the Congolese government the majority stockholder. He thus precipitated a crisis that, if allowed to develop, could plunge the Congo into economic and political chaos. "If we



JOSEPH MOBUTU

Anxious to avoid a crunch.

have to go hungry to be free and independent," he said, "then we'll go hungry. We prefer to remain poor and free to being rich slaves."

**Pointed Question.** The Congo will indeed be poor unless it can keep Union Minière's mines, which produce more than 6% of the world's copper and 60% of its cobalt, running efficiently. In Brussels, the company reacted by withholding more than \$10 million in royalties that it owes the Congo and ceasing its tax payments, which amount to about \$2,000,000 a month. It also declared that it would regard any of the copper that is purchased from Mobutu's company by other countries as stolen property to be recovered in the courts, pointedly asked each of its 2,000 European employees in the Congo whether they were leaving for home by month's end. Tanganyika Con-

cessions Ltd., the British company that owns a share of Union Minière and 90% of the railroad that ships its ore through Angola to the sea, also refused to go along with Mobutu's plan.

For all the rancor from past struggles, however, neither side is anxious for a real crunching showdown. While Nasser may have succeeded in running Suez without the British, Mobutu knows that keeping Union Minière's complex operations going himself would be almost impossible. He has appealed to young Belgian technicians "of good will" to stay on the job, and the company is asking its managers to cooperate for the time being in running the mines. If nothing else, Union Minière is anxious not to drive Mobutu into nationalizing other extensive enterprises in the Congo owned by its parent company in Belgium, Société Générale de Belgique. Mobutu, who made no provisions for compensating the thousands of European stockholders in Union Minière, is demanding an additional \$150 million from Union Minière as money he claims the Congo has been cheated out of.

**Ideal Solution.** The Belgian government stayed out of the affair, fearing that racial strife could break out and endanger the 45,000 Belgians in the Congo. The ideal solution to the impasse would be an agreement by Union Minière that the nationalization was the legitimate action of an independent nation, and by the Congo that compensation is a part of any legitimate nationalization. If that should happen, Union Minière could probably be recruited to continue marketing Congolese copper at a healthy profit to itself. If an agreement cannot be reached, the Congo is in for some hard times in 1967.

## MIDDLE EAST

### Intramural Mayhem

The Middle East, which has always had more than its share of terrorism, last week seemed to be outdoing even itself. There were almost daily episodes of violence along the Israeli border, but the unusual feature of the latest outbreak was that it mostly involved Arab against Arab.

**Double Guard.** Bombs shook the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh and the border towns of Najran and Jizan, ruptured the Saudi segment of the Trans-Arabian pipeline near the Iraqi border. Grenades were lobbed in the British protectorate of Aden in a grim continuation of the violence that has killed 72 people in the past two years. Bombs went off in the Yemen port city of Hodeida, and there were explosions in both Cairo and Damascus.

Much of the violence centered in Jordan, where two bombs exploded in the capital of Amman and three more in the Jordanian sector of Jerusalem. There might have been even more explosions if alert Jordanian demolition experts had not found and defused eight additional bombs, including a packet of

four dynamite sticks discovered near the office of the governor of Jerusalem. As a result, security guards were doubled at government buildings, and guards frisked passersby for explosives. Jordanian police arrested two infiltrators from Syria who, police said, were on a mission to assassinate King Hussein.

**Small Comfort.** The intramural murder reflects last summer's breakdown of the much-vaunted Arab cooperation, and the apparent decision of Egypt's President Nasser and Syria's Premier Youssef Zayyan to back a kind of confrontation with the conservative Arab kingdoms of Saudi Arabia's King Feisal and Jordan's Hussein. It also reflects a jockeying for power among rival Arab groups in such places as South Arabia, which will soon get its independence from Britain. The violence is being fueled by a sudden proliferation of terrorist organizations that seem as ready to fire on rivals as on the hated Jews. There are now no fewer than eleven separate Arab terrorist organizations, including the 550-man Asifa (Storm Troopers) operating out of Syria, the 8,000-man Palestine Liberation Organization, and antiroyalist groups in Saudi Arabia and Muscat.

For the first time, most of these out-



AHMED SHUKAIRY

Priority for a springboard.

fits now place prime priority on knocking off Hussein before tackling Israel. The Heroes of the Repatriation, a smaller terrorist group, complained that when some of their men voluntarily surrendered to Hussein's Arab Legion after returning from a raid on Israel they were "clapped in jail and cruelly tortured." In announcing his decision last week to take the Palestine Liberation Organization underground, Chairman Ahmed Shukairy declared that for the moment "the primary struggle is against the tyrant of Amman, Hussein, who has betrayed God, the Prophet, and the Palestine cause." The Israelis, however, can draw small comfort from the Arab feuds. What Shukairy and his supporters in Cairo and Damascus want to do is eliminate Hussein so that they can use Jordan as the springboard for more attacks on Israel.



## PEOPLE

Alas, it seems that **Charlie Chaplin**, 77, has not kept up with modern times. After *A Countess from Hong Kong*, his first film since 1957's *A King in New York*, had its world premiere in London, the critics emerged in a rattle of pans. "The heart of the film lies pickled in the formaldehyde of the Thirties," wrote the Sun, and the Daily Sketch mourned: "It croaks and creaks like an aged mechanical toy." Director Chaplin, who played only a cameo role in *Countess* and left the acting to Sophia Loren and Marlon Brando, said that he couldn't care less about the reviews: "I still think it's a great film, and I think the audiences will agree with me rather than with the critics."

A couple of reporters at city hall asked New York's observant Mayor **John V. Lindsay**, 45, for his opinion on the fact that the miniskirt is flourishing in his fair city. "It's a functional thing," replied Hizzoner. "It enables young ladies to run faster—and because of it they may have to."

The courtship began in 1895, but it was an unhurried affair, and the two weren't wed until 1901. Still, that left plenty of time for togetherness. Last week **David Oman McKay**, 93, President, Prophet and Seer of 2,555,000 Mormons, celebrated his 66th wedding anniversary with his wife, **Emma Ray Riggs McKay**, 89. Rising as usual at 5 a.m. in his Salt Lake City apartment, McKay dictated letters and held his daily conference with the Mormon Counsellors, later joined his wife for a quiet party with their four sons and two daughters and a ride to the old stone house four blocks away, where the wedding reception had been held. "They're

devoted to each other," said their son, Dr. **I. Jewelvn McKay**, "and it just seems to grow as the years pass by."

This time he wasn't climbing simply because it was there. Mountaineer **Sir Edmund Hillary**, 47, thought the kids might like a breath of thin air over the holidays. In Nepal to work on a hospital for his old climbing companions, the Sherpas, Sir Edmund packed his ice ax and took his wife, Louise, and their three children, aged seven to eleven, on a trek to the 18,000-ft. base camp from which, in 1953, he became the first man to climb Mount Everest.

No name adorned the lady's place card at the Governor's inaugural dinner. The seating chart showed only an X to identify the stunning, green-eyed



GOVERNOR KIRK & ERIKA MITTFELD  
Friend for Madame X.

Blonde at the side of Florida's newly installed Republican Governor, **Claude Kirk**, 41. Next day the two disappeared mysteriously, but the ex-husband of Madame X helpfully tried to clear up the puzzle by announcing at his home in Rio de Janeiro that the lady, German-born **Erika Miffeld**, 28, would soon marry the Governor, who was divorced last March. Reporters caught up with the couple at the Ocean Reel Club on Key Largo, where they were spending a few days, but the Governor blandly came out with the classic "We're just friends—that's all."

In his autobiography, *Foofball and the Single Man*, the Green Bay Packers' sometime Golden Boy, **Halfback Paul Hornung**, 31, sounded as brave, clean and reverent as a Boy Scout. Said he: "I would still rather score a touchdown than make love to the prettiest girl in the United States." Hampered this



PAT ROEDER & PAUL HORNING  
Girl for the golden boy.

season by a pinched nerve in his neck, Paul scored only five touchdowns. But at least he's got one of the prettier girls in the U.S. And in a few weeks, Paul, the swinger emeritus of the National Football League, will marry Dallas Model **Pat Roeder**, 29, and settle down.

Deliberately building a slum for hill-billies might seem an odd way to fight poverty. Except in this case the squalid hollow will be called "Dogpatch," and the developers stand to make a pile. Cartoonist **Al Capp**, 57, agreed to let a group of Little Rock entrepreneurs use his Yokum hokum in the construction of a sort of yoked Disneyland on 800 acres in the Arkansas Ozarks around Marble Falls. "It will have log cabins and Sadie Hawkins Day races," Capp explained, "and things like family trout fishing, which is a hell of a lot of fun if you aren't a trout." The developers will also set up a gristmill to make Mammy Yokum cornmeal and hire a justice of the peace to perform as "Marryin' Sam."

How nice of the Queen to include Scottish Novelist (*The Mandelbaum Gate*) **Muriel Spark**, 45, on the New Year Honors list, naming her to the Order of the British Empire. Nice, but not nearly nice enough, complained the ladies of British letters, who regarded the O.B.E., one step from the bottom of the honors, as a damn with faint praise. Sniped Rebecca West, herself a more lofty Dame Commander of the Order: "I cannot help but think that the persons responsible for recommending the award to Muriel Spark of an O.B.E. must have been actuated by a desire to make me feel embarrassed; and indeed I do." All of which was a bit embarrassing to Muriel. "The O.B.E. is all right for a start, don't you think?" she said. "After all, I've never thought of myself as anything."



DAVID & EMMA RAY MCKAY  
Time for togetherness.

# Why No.1 has to do something about Avis:



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In 3 years, No.1's share of car rentals dropped from 56% to 50%. Avis's share jumped from 29% to 35%.

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Instead, they've come out with a get-tough-with-Avis campaign.

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And Avis' share is getting bigger. (Based on the latest figures from 26 major airports.)

Trying harder is paying off.

Spotless Plymouths, full gas tanks and smiles you can believe have been bringing No.1's customers to Avis.

The trend is clear.

If Avis isn't stopped, we'll be No.1 by 1970.

## MODERN LIVING



TOILET-PAPÉR TRIBUTE  
Pour le mérite.

### YOUTH

#### Threading the Bushes

In Washington suburbs, the newest teen-age game is called "rolling." In Michigan, where the practice has been going on for years, it is known as "threading the bushes." Around Houston, it's called "wrapping." And in Salt Lake City and eastern Massachusetts, where the custom is even a trifle passé, it is known by the most descriptive title of all: "T.P.-ing."

By whatever name, the goal is the same: to sneak out in the dead of night and shroud the victim's house from chimney pot to privet hedge with yard upon yard of toilet paper, preferably the tinted or floral varieties. The antic is performed by boys or girls, but always in pairs or a group. As Sue Simms, 18, a senior at Silver Spring, Md.'s Montgomery Blair High School, points out, "You need someone on the other side of the tree in order to fling the dwindling roll back and forth." And there are rules as well as an art to it. Mary Karen Bowen, 16, of Bountiful, Utah, advises: "Make sure you don't break the roll, or it doesn't count." The results, particularly when it rains or snows immediately thereafter, add up to ells and ells of mess. But as one mother sighs, "It's less destructive than anything else the kids can do."

The motives for bedecking someone's house are as various as the names for it. Captains of losing football teams, unpopular girls and teachers take it as a sign of hate. Pretty and popular girls, on the other hand, consider it a compliment from a secret admirer. Often they are right. A Birmingham, Mich., high-school boy puts it this way: "If a girl is outstanding, you kind of like to make her house outstanding." Q.E.D.

### THE MARKETPLACE

#### Many Happy Returns

For millions of Americans, Christmas still goes on merrily for the full, traditional twelve days afterward. This is the season to return all the unwanted, ill-chosen, mismatching, wrong-size gifts, either for exchange, cash or credit. As a result, for the past two weeks stores have been almost as crowded as they were in the weeks preceding Christmas—although the January "white sales" are only beginning.

Thanks to returns, the selection of negligees on sales counters in Manhattan last week was even better than the week before Christmas. And St. Louis merchants, keeping tab on the exchanges, have concluded that most husbands think their wives are slenderer than they really are while mothers assume their daughters are too fat. Teen-agers, of course, decide that the clothes their parents picked for them are fresh from the Dark Ages. Mod shops like "Man at Ease" in Chicago report a lively post-holiday business in gear bought with cash derived in part from the returns at Marshall Field and Carson. Pirie Scott.

**Swelling the Inventory.** To combat the perennial returnee, department stores have developed a variety of ploys. One Philadelphia matron who tried to bring back a sexy nightgown that her husband had given her was told in detail by an artful clerk of the cure her husband had taken in selecting it. "After all," cooed the clerk, "isn't it better for you to have it than some other woman?" The lady kept the gown.

What really drives the stores to distraction is the customer who tries to return a gift bought from a competitor or at a reduced price in a discount house. Merchandisers tell the tale of one buyer whose pre-Christmas inventory totaled six toasters: the week after New Year's it had swelled to twelve. One New York City housewife has raised the technique to a high art. Each year her husband receives a gift box of Fabergé perfumes from the manufacturer. The lady returns it, bottle by bottle, to all the stores where she has charge accounts, thus accumulating \$75 worth of credits.

**Baths to Brassware.** The trick would not work everywhere. Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman, for instance, marks its perfume flacons with a secret symbol that can be seen only at a certain angle through the glass. More and more department stores now paste on special labels or stickers to identify their wares, although to keep a good customer happy they may still sometimes tactfully accept goods obviously bought at another store if they are of a type that the store already stocks.

Gift returns do not end with the after-Christmas rush: birthdays, anniversaries and weddings make it a year-round prob-

lem. One answer is the West Los Angeles Gift Exchange, dreamed up by Ted and Shirley Margulis. The Margulises have set up a trade center where everyone can swap what they got but don't want for what they do. They will accept practically anything, including Indian brassware and whirlpool baths (but not adults' clothing or initialed gifts). They check prices against a list of 150,000 items carried by local stores, give the customer a credit slip (subtracting a 20% service charge), then let him make his own selection from other returns.

### FASHION

#### Gimme Those Oldtime

##### Pinup Sweaters

A Shetland pony is a very small pony from the Shetland Islands in the North Sea. What, then, is a "mini-Shetland"? A Shetland pony that has strayed into the territory of the head-shrinking Jivaro Indians of Peru? Not quite. It's a sweater, and it's the latest style in Paris—not exactly from the showrooms of Courrèges or Balenciaga, but hard to miss on the *mesdemoiselles* at Castel's discothèque or in Le Drugstore on the Boulevard St. Germain.

The main thing about a Parisian mini-Shetland is not its downy wool or its colors, which range from black to brilliant to pastel, but its size. No blooming French lassy, no matter what her measurements, will wear anything larger than a size designed for a 12-year-old child. The effect is that old-fashioned look of the sweated pinup girl, with *une petite différence, s'il vous plaît*. To fit properly, the long-sleeved mini-Shetlands should not quite reach to the wrists. This summer, the waist was high enough to leave a patch of midriff showing. Now that it is winter, the style is long and sometimes belted; the naked visibility gap exists only while the wearer is doing the boogaloo.



MINI-SHETLANDS IN PARIS  
S'il vous plaît.



Model of One Shell Plaza—Houston, Texas—Architects: Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, Chicago—Wilson, Morris, Crain & Anderson, Houston

## PPG makes sunglasses for Houston's One Shell Plaza: Windows that increase comfort, reduce costs.

Builders of One Shell Plaza, Houston's coming 50-story ultramodern office building, are using special sunglasses from PPG to beat the heat of the Texas sun.

The glass: Solarban® Twindow®, the most efficient glass ever developed for reducing solar heat gain and lowering air-conditioning costs.

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## THE LAW

### PETITIONS

#### A Lawyer Despite Himself

Even as a teen-ager, Terence Hallinan was quite a handful. Perhaps he got it from his father, Vincent Hallinan, the fiery San Francisco lawyer who has served at least three jail sentences, including one for contempt (arising from his defense of Harry Bridges) during which he ran for President on the 1952 Progressive Party ticket. Perhaps it all started with a beating that three Marines once gave one of his brothers because he opposed the Korean War. When that happened, Vincent gave his sons boxing lessons. "If you're going to hold radical

THE WILKINS



TERENCE & VINCENT HALLINAN  
O.K. for Kayo.

opinions," he said, "you have to be able to fight."

Terence soon became known as "Kayo" Hallinan. After tangling with three sailors in 1954, he was made a ward of the juvenile court. After clobbering a ski-lodge proprietor in 1955, he received a suspended three-month sentence. Tried for another assault in 1957, he got a hung jury, settled a damage suit by paying his alleged victim \$5,000. Even after he entered San Francisco's Hastings College of Law in 1961, Terence had at least three fights, one of them a melee growing out of a bare-knuckles duel between his brother and another law student in Golden Gate Park.

As for civil disobedience, Terence was first arrested (and fined £1) for "blocking a footpath" during a 1960 peace march in London. In 1963, while trying to register Negro voters in Mississippi, he was arrested for loitering and littering, but the charges were not pressed. He joined CORE in San Francisco, helped organize the New Leftist W.E.B. DuBois Club, was arrested six more times for protests at business establishments that allegedly discriminated against Negroes. For twice refus-

ing to leave a Cadillac agency, he was convicted on charges ranging from unlawful assembly to unlawful entry.

**Keeping Cool.** Did all this bar Terence, now 30, from becoming a practicing lawyer? Yes, said the California Committee of Bar Examiners, citing Terence's "propensity for lawlessness." As the committee saw it, Terence lacked that vital lawyer's virtue—"good moral character."

The California Supreme Court has just disagreed. In upholding Terence, the court reminded the committee that bar admission usually turns on whether an applicant has committed or is likely to commit "acts of moral turpitude." Even a criminal conviction is insufficient; examiners must weigh "the nature of the offense." The high court noted that since 1963, "petitioner has repudiated the use of force as a political principle." Repressing pugnacity, he kept his cool during all of his arrests for civil disobedience. Indeed, said the court, Hallinan has the very "good moral character" that the bar examiners failed to see. And unlike them, the court refused to believe that civil disobedience automatically sacrifices "the right to enter a licensed profession." If that rule were followed, said the court, "we would deprive the community of the services of many highly qualified persons of the highest moral courage. This should not be done."

Last week, sporting a sober tie and conservative suit, Attorney Hallinan took his oath of office and announced his first case: a \$2,000,000 libel suit on behalf of his father. The defendant: Cosmetics Manufacturer William P. Patrick, a Republican also-ran in last year's California gubernatorial primary, who allegedly called Vincent Hallinan a "paid propagandist for Fidel Castro." Terence says his father "doesn't mind being called a propagandist for Castro and the Cuban people," is upset only over the word "paid," which implies the crime of failing to register as a foreign agent.

### POLICE

#### Fuzz with a Buzz

"You can never find a cop when you need one." The old saw is painfully true about New York City's cops on the beat, the problem being that there is too much beat and too few cops. In 1929, some 4,000 foot patrolmen guarded the parks and pounded the pavements of the city; today only 2,000 are making the rounds. Now the New York police have found a way to let one man cover the ground of five: the motor scooter. Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary has already checked out 575 cops on 80 Vespas and Lambrettas. And he has just asked for funds to buy 300 more. Eventually, he wants all 2,000 patrolmen to mount up.

The zippy little vehicles provide all sorts of extra benefits. The putt-putting noise daunts would-be lawbreakers; the

potential speed (60 m.p.h.) and mobility enable wheezy cops to outrun juvenile delinquents, mount sidewalks or even bounce up shallow steps to bypass traffic. For surprise, two-scooter teams patrol their beats in ever-changing patterns: for instant contact, each man carries a portable two-way radio. Not long ago, a scooter cop and a prowler-cop team simultaneously got word of a burglary: riding on sidewalks, the scooter man beat the car by seven minutes and nabbed the burglar in the act.

The sight of beefy cops on dainty putt-putts has already enriched the city's lingo. (Greenwich Villagers call scooter police "buzzy fuzzy"; because of their

BURTON BENZINSKY



SCOOTERS IN TIMES SQUARE  
On sidewalks and up steps too.

blue crash helmets, scooter men endure such other names as "blisterheads" and "bubbleheads." But names can never hurt them. So effective are the scooter-mounted cops that after the first nine putt-putts had been issued to park patrolmen in 1964, muggings dropped by 30% in Manhattan's Central Park, by 40% in Brooklyn's Prospect Park. The lesson was not lost: four high-crime precincts were then quickly scooterized. In a recent two-month period, those areas reported the fewest crimes in New York.

### CRIMINAL JUSTICE

#### What Does a Change Of Venue Gain?

A grisly crime, irate citizens, torrential press coverage. In that situation, defense lawyers fear jury prejudice and seek a change of venue—moving the trial to some distant town whose citizens are as ignorant about the crime as possible. A sensible remedy, but increasingly dubious when it comes to notorious "national" crimes. In the age of mass mag-





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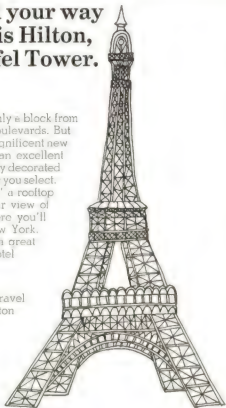
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azines, wire services and network TV, how can any living American avoid hearing, seeing and reading every detail, rumor and opinion?

In the case of Jack Ruby, who faced a second murder trial before his death last week, a change of venue seemed almost absurd. Probably only a few deaf, blind, illiterate Alaskan Eskimos had never heard of Ruby's crime; much less seen it on film. Yet his lawyers settled for shifting the trial from Dallas to Wichita Falls, a mere 135 miles away. True, Murr was out, but why Wichita Falls? Simply the luck of the draw. The case came before Judge Louis T. Holland, who was sitting temporarily in Dallas, but whose regular district includes Wichita Falls. Not only would Holland have thus kept the case—a situation both sides applauded—but, as Holland saw it, the smaller city (pop. 140,000) was "far enough away not to come under the influence of the Dallas newspapers and TV stations." Moreover, he argued, in the first Dallas trial, "the jurors were within sight of the scene where Ruby killed Oswald as well as the scene where Oswald shot the President. That kind of thing is just not good."

**Relatively Unbiased.** Similar arguments—and doubts—arise in the equally notorious case of Richard Speck, the accused killer of eight Chicago student nurses, whose Feb. 6 trial has been shifted 160 miles southwest to Peoria. To be sure, that city was once called "Nowheresville, U.S.A." But it now boasts the U.S.'s biggest exporter of machinery (Caterpillar Tractor Co.) and welcomes more foreign visitors than almost any U.S. town of its size (pop. 133,000). What makes Peoria a better place to try Speck than Chicago?

The hope at least of a relatively unbiased jury, plus pure practicalities. Peoria County has 91,715 potential jurors; the city has a new \$4,500,000 courthouse. And according to Chicago Judge Herbert C. Paschen, who will handle the Peoria trial (though Speck's lawyer is demanding a Peoria judge), the city was chosen over Quincy, Rockford and Rock Island because "Peoria does not receive Chicago television, and it has less Chicago newspaper coverage than the rest." Peoria County (pop. 202,400) has a total Chicago weekend newspaper circulation of only 8,378, compared with the Sunday Peoria Journal-Star's 53,103.

In reporting Speck's arrest, though, the Journal-Star used the same source as many other newspapers: the Associated Press. And while Peoria vows to try Speck fairly, Mayor Robert Lehnhausen has a distaste for the job. "As far as I am concerned," says he, "they can take the trial somewhere else. It will not be complimentary to our public image. We have good press coverage in this community, and we are quite aware of the details of this crime." For his part, though, Judge Paschen is betting that Peorians are slightly less irate than Chicagoans, if only because the killing did not happen in their own town.



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# SHOW BUSINESS

## TELEVISION

### Nonmovie Movies

If Hollywood feature films do well on TV, what would happen if movies were made for TV to begin with? They would be pretty bad, that's what. But they would also attract big entertainment-hungry audiences. Last week, after the third round of *World Premiere*, a series of special, two-hour TV-movies being filmed by Universal Pictures, NBC was in gleeful possession of at least the No. 2 and 4 ratings among all the movies shown this season—topped only by ABC's incredibly popular rerun of a movie-movie, *Bridge on the River*

ALFRED STAFF



ST. JOHN & WAGNER IN "VACATION"  
Dead fish in the bullion.

*Kwai*. With five more such originals to follow—at a cost of \$750,000 to \$1,000,000 apiece—NBC is all but assured of the only conspicuous new success of the year.

**One-Liners.** Television and cinema have been edging toward this wedding for years. The first step was for Hollywood to take over production of almost all prime-time entertainment; while 84% of nightly TV was done live in 1955, barely 5% of it is now. As hour-long shows came into vogue, film makers learned the knack of the two-part story, which could then be stitched together and peddled in Europe as a Walt Disney or *Man from U.N.C.L.E.* feature film. At the same time, TV programmers discovered that, say, a ten-year-old Danny Kaye film could outdraw a brand-new Danny Kaye variety show. From that point on, there were no impediments to a final, formal marriage.

But *World Premiere* is, after all, a marriage made in Hollywood. The casting in the three films shown so far is second-rate, the direction and pace third-rate and the scripts cut-rate.

Noodling around the discarded film

seraps from old adventure and spy movies, pasting the label "camp" on anything that does not make sense, the producers are the flattest Pied Pipers ever to lead the television industry into its next phase. In *Fame Is the Name of the Game*, for example, Tony Franciosa is a dashing magazine writer who regales his rookie researcher with snappy one-liners: "What's the matter with you? You look like your Living Bra just died." Tony spends so much time tracking down the killers that he has no time to write the story; *Dead Bra* does it for him, a few weeks out of Barnard.

The credibility gap widens in *How I Spent My Summer Vacation*, in which a social-climbing hum (Robert Wagner) cades an Onassis-style cruise of the Greek islands from Multimillionaire Peter Lawford and Daughter Jill St. John. Once aboard, he detects dead fish in Lawford's bullion and bumbles off in search of the source. Lest the implausibility of it all seem unimportant, all traces of wit, style, imagination, intelligence or any other compensation have been carefully expunged. So too in *Doomsday Flight*, in which it is revealed that a self-pitying psychopath (Edmond O'Brien) has placed a bomb aboard Captain Van Johnson's airliner. The bomb is set to go off when the plane descends to 4,000 feet; two sniveling hours later, fast-thinking Captain Johnson lands at Denver (altitude 5,470 feet).

**Money Belt.** Jennings Lang, senior vice president in charge of TV production at Universal, argues dubiously that the quality of these films "has been pretty good, compared to most movies and most of the programs on television." To the nation's TV critics, who have greeted the series with unmelodious hoots, Lang retorts: "They wouldn't be able to tell which were made for television and which were made for theaters. The only difference is the size of the screen." Still Lang admits that the program's sights have been set, at least in the beginning, somewhere around the level of the money belt. "First we have to build a commercial appeal," he says, "then we will go on to other things."

## RECORDS

### You Wild Thing, You

Like it or not, Senator Robert Kennedy has a reputation he can't shake for hanging tough, cool and humorless. The combination might be surefire at the ballot box, but at the box office—sure chill. Or so it seemed until a few weeks ago, when out came *Wild Thing*, a new 45-r.p.m. recording of a big-beat tune. The vocalist is a dead ringer for Bobby and he purportedly is at a recording session.

"Stand by," the control room orders. "This is *Wild Thing*, Lake 72, Senator." The music begins. "Bobby" comes on in

the heavy-breathing opening stanzas with all the lustiness of a dried cod:

*Wild thing, you make my heart sing.  
You make everything groovy, Wild thing.*

"That's perfect, Senator," says the producer. "Lay it on them." "All right," the Senator tells his sidemen. "Teddy, on the ocarina; let's go . . . Eunice, a little more tempo there." Then Bobby is cued for the big sock finish. "Come on and hold me tight," he begins laconically, but from the control room a voice interrupts: "A little more Boston soul, Senator." Later, when he waxes too hot ("O come on, wild thing"), the producer cautions: "Not so ruthless, Senator."

The fellow who does this happy bit of humanizing for Bobby is Bill Minkin, 25, a Brooklyn College television instructor. Neither he nor his three collaborators plan to quit their jobs to go into full-time comedy cutting; but they have a little cushion to sit on. In three weeks, the record has sold 450,000 copies and become one of the hottest singles of the new year.

## PRODUCERS

### "Come to Me, Bobby"

Even as they slog through the lava pits of childhood and adolescence, most youths are forming some vision of what shape the cooled adult crust will take, how high the peaks will soar. For their models, they look to their fathers, older brothers, a teacher, a figure plucked from history—an Alexander or a Gehrige, a Shaw or a Morgan, a Renoir or a Luciano. For Raoul Levy, born of a Russian-Jewish family in Antwerp, educated there and at the London School of Economics, an R.A.F. veteran of World War II, there never seems to have been much doubt. He wanted to be a Zanzuk.

The surprise was not that he failed, but that he came within sighting distance of making it. A penny-ante player in a pollack game, he filled a couple of inside straights early, and these may have brought him more bad luck than good; when the law of averages straightened out, he fell easy prey to frustration, confusion and bitterness. He didn't have the equipment, and that only whetted his ambition further. What he did have was a fast spiel, a talent for flattering the real movers and shakers with grandiose ideas, and an astonishing gift for getting people to part with their money. "People do not understand me," he once said. "They reproach me for announcing six films for a year and then making only one in four years. It is very simple. You start a film, and then after three weeks you stop—to see if the mediocre people who furnished the money are really behind you. If you see them hesitate, you leave them flat."

**French Czar.** By 1957, show-business people in France had begun, not very precisely, to call Levy "the czar of French cinema." He won the title,



LEVY (RIGHT) WITH MOREAU & BELMONDO  
Fresh out of trump.

typically, on a gamble, bringing together an unknown starlet named Bardot and a neophyte director named Vadim. *And God Created Woman* cost less than \$400,000, but Levy plastered the world with publicity and grossed ten times that much in the U.S. alone. He made a handful of other pictures, including four more with Bardot, but he had neither the money nor the skills of a long-run mogul.

An inept administrator, a corrosive buttinsky on the set, a compulsive chiseler and a helpless planner, Levy was ripe for disaster when he announced his grand oeuvre in 1961: a version of *Marco Polo* budgeted at \$4,000,000, mostly imaginary. He rented 200 elephants in Nepal, allowing 71 to die of malnutrition, ruined the careers of two Yugoslav bureaucrats when he conned state funds out of them, welshed on everything from actors' salaries to florists' bills. Finally finished, the film was uneditable.

*Nobody Leaves*. Levy's trump was an almost touchingly naive faith in the power of his incantation. "Come to me, baby." He even conned his onetime *amoureuse*, Jeanne Moreau, out of \$11,000. When she threw him over, he took a heavy dose of barbiturates and nicked his wrists—but not before alerting two secretaries in the next room.

Last week he shouted, "Come to me, baby!" through a locked door in a St-Tropez apartment house. Inside, Isabelle Pons, 24, a sometime model and script girl and his former mistress, told him to go away. Levy fired a shotgun into his belly and died 20 minutes later in the hospital.

His hard-eyed friends wouldn't even grant him the dignity of an intentional suicide. "He could not kill himself," said Actor Eddie Constantine. "He often seared his friends by shooting up in the air, and that's what he wanted to do to Isabelle. Like a fool, he hammered on the door with the stock of his shotgun without thinking of his stomach."

## THE THEATER

### Land of No Holds Barred

*The Homecoming* finds Harold Pinter playing his usual highly tantalizing game—show and don't tell. He unearths effects and buries causes, marks and mocks the absurdity of existence. Half through humor, half through shock, he detonates jagged fragments of the unconscious mind upon the stage. Innately primitive, Oedipal, conjugal, *The Homecoming* quivers with the enigmatic knowledge that while no one wins the war between the sexes, everyone is wounded. It is performed to ensemble perfection by the members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, and it is directed with steely exactitude by Peter Hall. Although a trifle too trickish and studied to rank as Pinter's best work, it is quite good enough to dominate the Broadway scene, and probably will not be surpassed in dramatic quality this season.

The plot is as spare as the dialogue, and it never totally unravels. After six years of teaching at an American university, Teddy, a philosophy professor (Michael Craig), brings his wife (Vivien Merchant) back to North London to meet his widowed father, a bachelor uncle, and two younger brothers. An amoral crew with the ethics of asphalt-jungle cats, they live in "the land of no holds barred"—a grey, womanless room in a grey, womanless house. The father (Paul Rogers) is a bull walrus spuming through yellowed tusks against the dying of his authority. The older brother, Lenny (Ian Holm), is a dapper spiv of a pimp with a lively, corrupt intelligence. Joey (Terence Rigby), the younger, is a dab of a prizefighter, a would-be champion with a chimpanzee brain.

To Teddy, the academic philosopher, they are a dreadful lot ("You're just objects"), and his devotion to "intellectual equilibrium" is his defense against their chaotic passions. His wife Ruth—provocatively passive, a lazy stick of dynamite waiting for the grasping hands of violent men—is oddly, if languidly, fascinated by this menage. Even though she has three sons of her own, it is obvious that her husband's emotional aridity has left her sexually parched. "Oh, I was thirsty," she says, as she drains a glass of water in some seductive byplay with Brother Lenny. Soon Lenny is brushing her face with kisses. "She's wide open," observes Brother Joey, taking over the love play on sofa and floor. All this happens in front of Teddy, who inexplicably makes no gesture of protest. He still maintains his deadpan cool when his father and brothers propose that Ruth stay on and earn her keep by working for them as a part-time whore. She agrees, her husband leaves, and at play's end the white-maned patriarch of the clan is sobbing at her feet, begging for a kiss.

Pinter always raises more questions than he answers, and sometimes the

questions are unanswerable. Baffling the intellect while it stirs the instincts, *The Homecoming* operates in the realm of myth. Myth frequently proclaims the dark primacy of what D. H. Lawrence called "the blood consciousness" over the light of reason, clearly one of Pinter's intentions in this play. The dead mother plays a significant role in *The Homecoming*; she, like Ruth, was something of a slut. Thus the Oedipal shift of sexual power that takes place results in the overthrow of the two father figures—the old man and Teddy—with the two younger brothers taking possession of the slut-mother. That downfall is what gives peculiar pathos to the old man as he pleads for a kiss.

But how is one to understand Ruth's agreeing to the family's bizarre proposition? Only psychological speculation will help. It may be that Teddy unwittingly sought out the slut-mother in marrying Ruth, and when he introduced her to his ancestral home she intuitively found it irresistible. The play's ultimate ambiguity, which centers on the question of who uses whom in the man-woman relationship, can never be resolved. At first glance, Ruth seems exploited. The old man plans to use her for cooking and cleaning up, Lenny for his stable of tarts, and Joey for love-making. But after the agreement, the old man is invaded by sheer panic: "She'll use us, she'll make use of us, I can tell you! I can smell it!" Yet will she? Vivien Merchant ends her evocatively feminine performance with the elusive hint of a smile. The secret is as safe with her as with Mona Lisa.

FRIEDMAN/SHARP



CRAIG, MERCHANT & HOLM IN "HOMECOMING"  
Blood over light.



# MUSIC

## NEW WORKS

### Treat Worth the Travail

Seven years ago, the Ford Foundation gave Pianist Jacob Lateiner a \$5,000 grant to commission a new work. "Being very lazy by nature," he explains, "I did not want to spend time learning a new piece that I could only play a few times because of its novelty. I wanted to strive for something, no matter how difficult it might be, that would be valuable decades from now." So Lateiner asked Elliott Carter, one of modern music's most original and complex composers, to write a piano concerto.

Carter completed the piece only a year ago, and then Lateiner, a deeply cerebral pianist (TIME, Aug. 19), worked on it doggedly for nine months. He postponed last fall's scheduled premiere for two months so that he could practice it some more, at one point holed up in the Steinway warehouse in Boston for six hours a day. Finally, last week Carter's concerto was given its world premiere, with Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony. Lateiner's homework paid off. He played with a flair and a command that are rare in such a complex work, and though the concerto provoked a few shudders among anti-modernists in the audience, it was a treat worth the travail.

**Misguided Moss.** In conception, the concerto is an extension of the ideas that Carter expounded in his 1959 *String Quartet No. 2*, in which the "individual behavior patterns" of each instrument clash and clamor for attention like so many egocentrics in a group-therapy session. Carter describes his *Piano Concerto* as a conflict between man and society: "The piano is born. Then the

orchestra teaches it what to say. The piano learns. Then it learns the orchestra wins—not triumphantly, but with a few weak, sad notes—sort of Charlie Chaplin humorous." In the first movement, the piano lightheartedly followed the lead of the orchestra, then gradually swerved off on its own tangent, while the orchestra shouted its disapproval with great thunderclaps of dense, dissonant chords.

In the second and final movement, the orchestra passively receded, as the piano charged ahead impulsively in a passionate recitative, interrupted now and then by a concertino (three winds, four strings) that Carter likens to "Job's friends, who sympathize and comment." After one final free-for-all, the concerto ended with a quiet, reflective passage by the piano, signifying, says Carter, "the alienation of the individual from the misguided mass." The score rumbled and shook and shouted in constantly shifting tempos and tonalities and astonishingly original—and difficult—rhythms. Most striking was Carter's technique of "swamping"—building thick, eerie clouds of sound by simultaneously intertwining dozens of musical strands.

Carter, a professor of music at M.I.T., is one of America's outstanding contemporary composers, but as with most modernists, his works earn only a pittance. So he reasons: "Since you don't get any money, you might as well do things that amuse you. It takes me a long time to write a piece of music—anywhere from months to years—and simple ideas would bore me before I got through. Anyway, I want to invent something I haven't heard before."



CARTER & LATEINER IN BOSTON  
The piano wins—but sadly.



SOPRANO GARDEN IN 1949  
Always the modern, always the top.

into a costume several sizes too large and boldly stepped onstage. She caused such a sensation in the role that she subsequently sold out 100 performances.

Mary Garden went on to become one of the most celebrated divas of all time, bringing to the stage a radiance and mystery that, as one critic wrote, "made young men dream and old men think of adventures they never had." Her career spanned three decades, and when she died last week of pneumonia at 92, there were none who could dispute her proud litany: "I began at the top. I stayed at the top. I left at the top."

**Poignant & Personal.** How she stayed there was one of the wonders of the woman, for critics were forever carping about her curiously husky and often uneven voice. Her reaction was characteristic: "Nobody ever said I could sing, and I don't give a damn." Her contribution to opera, little realized by the critics who were bred on the stodgy, grandiose style of the full-blown sopranos popular at the turn of the century, was enormous. She was the first of the great singing actresses, a complete performer capable of re-creating opera heroines in her own poignant, personal image. She used her voice as a painter uses a brush, coloring each role with its own distinct intonation. Her Thaïs was brazen and worldly, her Méliande pale and groping, her Louise earthy and free-loving.

Following her success abroad, Mary Garden returned to the U.S. in 1907, and eventually implanted herself as the prima donna of the Chicago Grand Opera Co. Her reign was absolute, and in 1921, when she was appointed director of the company, the local newspapers happily crowned her "Mary the First." But, single-minded hellion that she often was, her shakeup of the existing order resulted in several squabbles with other singers, two lawsuits, a loss of \$1,000,

## OPERA

### Mary the First

"What a triumph! I have never seen such enthusiasm as I did that night when I finished. There were curtain calls and curtain calls, and they all shouted and threw their programs and little roses and handkerchiefs on the stage. Because, you see, they didn't know who in the world I was."

She was Mary Garden, and as debuts go, her magical performance at Paris' Opéra Comique that night might have been staged by her fairy godmother. The year was 1900, and Mary, Scotland-born and Chicago-reared, was an impoverished young soprano who haunted rehearsals at the Comique. Her moment came when, during a performance of Gustave Charpentier's *Louise*, the lead soprano suddenly collapsed after the second act. Panic-stricken, the director asked Mary if she could fill in. Though she had never sung on a stage before, much less with an orchestra, she pluckily replied: "Have no fear, I shall not fail." She hastily pinned her 98 lbs.

0000 and an assassination threat. After one season, she decided that "my place is with the artists, not over them."

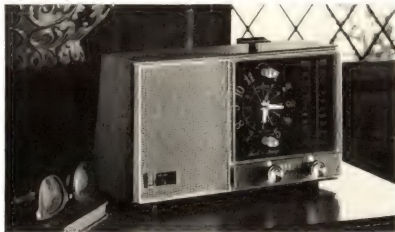
**Age & Discretion.** Meanwhile, with a cunning eye cocked on the box office, she carefully nurtured a public image that equated her offstage life with the scarlet ladies she portrayed. At various times, she gulled newspapers into gossiping about "affairs" with any notable that came to her mind: Gene Tunney, William S. Hart, Al Smith and the Prince of Wales. (If in fact she had any famous lovers, nobody ever discovered who they were.) When Billy Sunday preached against her sensuous dance of the seven veils in *Salome*, she went to see him and quickly won his friendship over an ice cream soda. Andrew Carnegie pledged his admiration but allowed that he would not go to hear her in *Louise* because he did not believe in free love; *Faust* was more his speed, he said.

Always the modern woman, she created a sensation when she appeared at a dinner party in a daringly low-cut gown; when Socialite Chauncey Depew asked her what was holding it up, she cooed, "Your age and my discretion." Outfitted in the latest fashions and draped with \$500,000 worth of jewelry ("gifts from my admirers"), she cut a figure of elegance and sauciness on her cross-country tours in a private Pullman. The press trailed her everywhere, reported her torays into the Monte Carlo casinos, her nude swims in the Mediterranean, her dietetic secrets (one meal a day, fortified with a pre-bed glass of milk mixed with ten drops of iodine). Roads, perfumes, sundae were named after her, and if a suitor was lacking, she was not above dredging up a photograph of some deceased Hindu prince and releasing it to the press as her latest marital prospect.

**Stop & Start.** But it was all show; marriage was not for Mary Garden. On one occasion, when a wealthy suitor proposed to her, she stationed him in the wings so that he could hear the cheers and applause following her performance. "When you can find a man who can do that for me," she said, "then I'll marry him." But no man ever did. In 1931, while sitting onstage during a performance of *Jongleur de Notre-Dame* in Chicago, she decided that "I have given enough," went to her dressing room after the last curtain call, put on her coat and never returned. She was 57.

She retired to Aberdeen, her birthplace, and after giving away her piano and her collection of scores, never sang again, "not even to myself." She spent her last years as a kind of talent scout, holding auditions in her studio, admonishing young hopefuls to "stop studying and start singing." Though she helped the careers of dozens of singers, including Soprano Grace Moore, she sadly remarked a few years ago that she "had not found another Mary Garden." Nor has anyone else.

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# EDUCATION

## COLLEGES

### A Satellite Built for TV

It seems fitting that the newest addition to the fast-growing University of Toronto—home base for Canada's baffling communications theorist Marshall McLuhan—is probably the most television-conscious college in the world. Fully 45% of the instruction at suburban Toronto's Scarborough College is transmitted throughout its single twisting concrete building (see color pages) by television. The college was literally built around its TV facilities.

Scarborough, which opened in 1965, is one of two "satellite" campuses of the University of Toronto created to handle an enrollment expansion from 19,300

The college employs eleven fulltime television specialists, from producers to electronics repairmen, to man its studios. Most professors give two lectures a week on television. Dean Beckel sees an advantage in the ability to add graphics and photographic illustrations to the lectures of what he calls the "semi-live" professors. Television is not suitable, he concedes, for such subjects as English composition, French recitation, math drills and problem-solving in the sciences. But otherwise, he says, "you at least get no worse results than by face-to-face instruction."

**Like Hill Towns.** The college is built on 202 acres, most of it in a ravine studded with century-old hemlock, pine, maple and beech trees. Architect **JOHN**



SCIENCE LAB AT SCARBOROUGH  
*Flexibility in a tube.*

fulltime students at present to 35,000 by 1970. The second, **Erindale**, will open across town next fall. The satellites are undergraduate commuter colleges that do not require students to attend any classes on the hemmed-in downtown campus, although some professors will have to shuttle to and fro.

**The Nerve Center.** The advantage of television, contends Scarborough Dean W. E. Beckel, is that "we can make a small number of really first-class professors available to the widest group of students." Scarborough's nerve center is a main television-production studio (60 ft. by 50 ft.) and five adjacent smaller studios. The network can handle eleven instructional programs at a time, covering 50 classrooms. Except for educational films, Scarborough produces all of its own TV instructional material, 60% of it on Videotape.

Who last week accepted a New York State-endowed Albert Schweitzer Chair in Humanities at Fordham University. He and three aides will share \$100,000 a year for research in the field of comparative cultures.

Andrews, an Australian-born professor on the Toronto faculty, likens the setting to that of Italian hill towns, feels he has created in the building a response to the demands of site, climate (no one has to step out of doors in a blizzard to change classrooms) and educational program. Andrews' design emphasizes efficiency. His 30 science labs, which seat 20 students each ("the number that can conveniently look at a reasonably priced TV monitor"), are proving ideal for nonscience classes as well, and are in use 85% of the school day.

## UNIVERSITIES

### The Fine Art of Fund Raising

Federal aid and foundation grants are not enough to keep a college on the move. As campus expenses continue to climb, the nation's institutes of higher learning are stepping up their appeals for private gifts from alumni, corporations and anyone, in fact, who has a dollar to give. What's more, they are finding the money with surprising ease.

Private gifts to the nation's 50 best-known colleges and universities have jumped at least 50% over 1960-61's \$343,621,000.

That looks like pennies compared to what lies ahead. The University of Chicago is seeking \$360 million over ten years, and even though the campaign started only in October 1965, Chicago already has \$80 million in the pot. Columbia is after \$200 million in three years, Northwestern \$180 million in five, Duke hopes to raise \$100 million in less than four years, while Yale and Long Island University are pursuing the same amount in a decade. In 1961, the University of Southern California set out to pick up \$106 million over 20 years, wound up with \$117 million in just five, so it promptly launched a new \$34 million drive.

**Thinking Big.** Even the small schools are thinking big. California's six Claremont Colleges, with just 4,100 students, have a 1972 target of \$86 million, and \$35 million is already in hand. Williams last October completed one drive with \$17.6 million, now hopes to reach \$25.4 million by 1970. Connecticut's Wesleyan University, although blessed with an impressive \$150 million endowment, is pursuing \$38 million for expansion.

How do they find such huge sums? For advice, most colleges turn to professional fund-raising firms, the best of which already are too busy to take on any more schools this year. The pros candidly tell a college what it can realistically hope to raise, usually scale down inflated goals, since it is psychological suicide for a drive to fail. Before mapping out a campaign, Manhattan's John Price Jones Co. Inc., a firm of fund-raising consultants, prepares a detailed statement—sometimes 300 pages long—of the college's specific needs and underlying educational philosophy, a "case" that can be broken down to stir the interest of specific donors. "If the need is not there and the facts are not there, there is no case," says John Price Jones's chairman Charles Anger.

The college, rather than the fund-raising pros, must nail down the donors. Operating on the rough rule that 90% of most drive proceeds will come from 10% of the donors, schools work on their wealthiest friends first. Early announcements of big gifts often entice other affluent donors to follow suit, although the approach has its hazards. One Midwestern multimillionaire kept complaining when a college stalled its announcement of his \$100,000 gift: school officers could not tell him that they had expected \$10 million and feared his example would induce every potential \$100,000 donor to scale down his own gift.

**No More Candlelight.** Petting the fat-cat donor until he purrs is a delicate business these days. Dinner by candlelight in the presidential mansion, while *hi fi* hums the college hymn and moonlight silhouettes the campus oaks, seldom works any more. The sentimental pitch,



*With aggressive asymmetry, Canada's new Scarborough College near Toronto plays across natural ridge line. Under one roof, students pursue humanities in stepped-out wing (right) and sciences in larger slope-sided wing with skylighted labs (left). The design by John Andrews includes study and lounge areas (below) for its all-commuter student body.*







*An almost Gothic maze of exits and entrances, hub of an indoor campus is reached by corridors and open ramps. Temporary stage and spotlights turn multilevel raw concrete cavern into auditorium.*



*Staggered lecture hall employs closed-circuit television repeaters for closeup demonstrations. Above blackboard are three rear-projection screens which are used for educational film and slide presentations.*



*Interior streets instead of courtyards link Scarborough College together. Corridor coursing length of the wing opens walkways to natural light percolating down from overhead.*

contends Beloit President Miller Upton, is "passé—people are too sophisticated for that." The best approach, says Northwestern Vice President Franklin Kreml, is "a very straightforward, factual, honest effort to arouse a potential donor's interest."

Nurturing that interest takes time and tact—and making sure that the right man to ask sees the right man to give. While anyone likely to give a six-figure gift to Harvard can reasonably expect a social call from President Nathan Pusey, college officials are not necessarily the ideal men to handle the highly personal negotiations over the precise size of a gift. According to Washington Educational Consultant Robert L. Gale, excellent results can most often be achieved if the final request is made by "a peer of the prospect or, even better, someone just a bit higher in the business

lures its graduates by seeking their opinions on educational matters, bringing them back for convocations, assigning at least ten agents in each class to maintain personal contacts.

**Honor for Cash.** Although most donors deny that they want recognition for their gifts, schools try mightily to return honor for cash. At most colleges, anyone who provides 50% or more of the cost of a new building stands a reasonable chance of seeing his name carved in stone above its portals. Ohio State has picked up more than \$8,000,000 from its President's Club, which costs \$10,000 to join, but provides members with 50-yard-line ticket options at State's home football games and campus parking privileges. Brandeis, which has garnered \$150 million in private gifts since its founding in 1948, has a wide range of titles for donors, sealed to donations, including "toster alumni," "fellows of the university," "councilors to the president," and even a proposed "Brandeis acreage holders."

For all the schools' careful calculation of potential givers, plenty of money still comes in, as Fred J. Lauerman, a University of Minnesota fund director, puts it, "over the transom." Florence Dailey of Rochester, N.Y., a stockholder in Eastman Kodak, left an estate of \$19 million to Notre Dame and Georgetown when she died last year. No official from either school had ever met her, and except for the fact that she was a Catholic, no one has yet discovered her special attraction to the two universities. When the University of Redlands began a fund drive in 1965, an alumnus at IBM casually sent a newspaper clipping about the campaign to retired IBM World Trade Corp. Vice President James G. Johnston. Although Johnston had never so much as seen Redlands, back from Cannes came his check for \$150,000.

Sometimes the school is so unprepared for the unexpected gift that the donor almost gets away. In 1959, for example, Karl D. Umrath, a retired cash-register salesman, rang up the switchboard operator at St. Louis' Washington University one Saturday morning and told her that he wanted to give the university \$1,000,000. Somewhat dubious, the operator tried in vain to reach Chancellor Thomas H. Eliot, got no answers from several other officials. Umrath was just about to hang up when she finally connected him with the dean of the college of liberal arts. "I want to give a million dollars and there's nobody to talk to me," Umrath complained. The startled dean talked soothingly until Umrath calmed down, discovered that his caller was a non-alumnus who had come to admire the school through attending its concerts and plays. Said delighted but flabbergasted Chancellor Eliot: "We had never asked Mr. Umrath for money; we had never even heard of Mr. Umrath"—who eventually came through with a gift of \$1,200,000.



YALE'S BREWSTER

*Petting the cats until they purr.*

or social scale whose attention he will find flattering."

The trick then is to play it cool. A small-college board chairman recently dined a fast-rising businessman in an exclusive club, pegged him as good for \$250,000. After detailing the college needs, he popped the question: "Now, what do you think you can do?" Hesitantly, the donor said he would give half a million. Deadpan, the chairman said quietly, "No, John, that's not enough"—and came away with a pledge for \$750,000.

Although schools can generally count on their wealthy trustees to get a campaign off to a fast and profitable start, no drive succeeds without broad support from its alumni. The big donor shies away from a school that cannot demonstrate the confidence of its graduates. Alumni are increasingly counted on to give annually, rather than just in the big drives, and Yale's President Kingman Brewster is well aware that he netted \$4,000,000 that way last year. Yale

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## SPORT

### POWERBOAT RACING

#### Always in the Shadow

Heroes are created by public demand, sometimes out of the scantiest materials.

—Gerald White Johnson

*American Heroes and Hero Worship*  
Donald Campbell was a hero only by his own demand and not by his own assessment, for the materials were scanty indeed.

As a child in England, Campbell had rheumatic fever, and it affected his heart. During World War II, he was invalided out of the Royal Air Force after he had been accepted for pilot training. All his young life he lived in the shadow of a robust, rich and famous father: Sir Malcolm Campbell, gentleman sportsman, holder of nine world land-speed records and three water-speed records, knighted by King George V. Even after Sir Malcolm died, in his bed at 64, the shadow remained. Donald sought out mediums, trying to contact his father—sometimes, he claimed, with success: "There he was, laughing uproariously as he called me 'a complete clor.'"

**The Innings.** One day in 1949, Campbell was sitting moodily in his father's study when a friend rushed in to tell him that U.S. Industrialist Henry Kaiser was building an aluminum boat designed to break Sir Malcolm's 1939 water-speed record of 141.74 m.p.h. "Why should they have everything?" Donald exploded. "By God, they won't have that record!" So Campbell, who by his own admission had "never traveled at more than 70 m.p.h. on the water and not much more on land," set out at 28 to fight his overmatch with speed.

He had his innings, but they rarely

seemed to justify the cost. By 1959, Campbell had broken the water-speed record six times—and had gone through two broken marriages. In 1960, he became the first man to survive an auto crash at over 200 m.p.h., when his turbine-powered *Bluebird* spun out of control at the Bonneville Salt Flats and soared 681 ft. through the air. That cost him a basal skull fracture and a \$4,500,000 car—\$112,000 of which was his own money. In 1964, he scored another first, setting records on both land (1403 m.p.h.) and water (276 m.p.h.), but again there was a clinker: his land-speed mark applied only to direct-drive automobiles, because the U.S.'s Craig Breedlove had already clocked 407 m.p.h. in a free-wheeling jet-powered vehicle.

**Solitaire in Spades.** Melancholy, superstitious, plagued by self-doubt, Campbell kept talking himself into retirement and right back out again. "Donald," says a psychiatrist who knew him, "was always trying to prove himself to himself and to his father and to the world." Last week, on Comiston Water, a small, deep lake in northwest England, Donald Campbell, 45, tried for yet another water-speed record in a jet-powered *Bluebird* hydroplane designed to skim the surface on two 6-in. spinnors fastened to the pontoons. His goal: 300 m.p.h., a speed realm that no one had ever touched. Playing solitaire on the night before his record attempt, Campbell turned up the ace and queen of spades in succession. "Mary Queen of Scots had the same combination before she was beheaded," he remarked. "I know that one of my family is going to get the chop. I pray to God it isn't me." And there he was at 8 o'clock next morning, clambering into *Bluebird*'s cockpit, clutching his



DAWSON FADING AGAINST BUFFALO

Gambling is basic

lucky Teddy bear, Mr. Whopit. Then he revved up *Bluebird*'s 4,520-lb.-thrust Orpheus jet engine and shrieked off across the lake.

On his first run, Campbell clocked 297 m.p.h. He swung *Bluebird* around and started back into the measured kilometer, picking up speed until he was doing an estimated 340 m.p.h. Suddenly, Campbell's voice crackled over the radio: "She's tramping [shaking]! She's tramping! She's going!" *Bluebird*'s right pontoon lifted, then her nose; finally, the whole boat went airborne, looped over backward, slammed back into the water, and sank. Divers finally located *Bluebird*, split in two on the lake bottom 142 ft. below. At week's end they were still searching for Campbell's body.



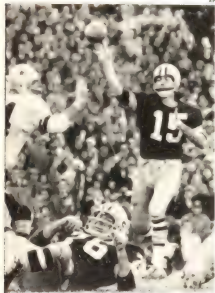
CAMPBELL IN THE COCKPIT



"BLUEBIRD" GOING AIRBORNE  
The price was too high for the proof.



PLUNGING INTO THE LAKE



STARR PASSING AGAINST DALLAS  
if the risk is rewarded.

## PRO FOOTBALL

### Bows Before the Brutes

The voices coming out of the West were ever so considerate as the champions of pro football's newly merged leagues prepared for their first meeting at next week's Super Bowl in Los Angeles. Quarterback Bart Starr of the N.F.L.'s Green Bay Packers sweetly insisted that "anybody with any football intelligence can see the Chiefs have a real fine team"—and Coach Hank Stram of the A.F.L.'s Kansas City Chiefs saluted the Packers as "the symbol of the best in pro football." My, how polite. But just wait.

Anybody who hangs around Vince Lombardi's Packers for long is bound to get bruised. Basic, bone-bending football is Lombardi's game, and he has made the most of it with four N.F.L. championships in the past six years. Nothing risky, no mistakes. Nothing risky, that is, except where the gamble could mean a payoff of \$23,500 per man—like last week against the Dallas Cowboys for the N.F.L. championship and a trip to Los Angeles. Unable to run against a fierce Dallas defense, Quarterback Starr suddenly put wings on the ball. Three times in one touchdown drive, confronted with third down and more than 12 yds. to go, he threw for crucial first downs; in all, he hit on 19 out of 28 attempts for 304 yds. and four TDs as the Packers outscored the Cowboys 34-27.

If Vince Lombardi believes his own spies, the Packers may have to step out of character against Kansas City too. "The Chiefs are very much like Dallas," was Scout Wally Cruice's report after watching Kansas City annihilate Buffalo, 31-7, for the A.F.L. title last week. So they are, with one big

difference: size. Kansas City's defensive line outweighs Green Bay's by nine lbs. per man; on offense, the gap is 15 lbs. The Chiefs own a Starr of their own in Quarterback Lenny Dawson, who completed 56% of his passes this season, and has played long enough in the N.F.L. (five years) to be able to read the Packers' defense. Thanks to Coach Stram, the Chiefs themselves are about as readable as Sanskrit. On offense, they run out of twelve different formations, all of which start out looking like a standard I. And Quarterback Dawson throws from a "movable pocket," shifting around the backfield behind his blockers.

Talking to the Chiefs last week, Stram reminded them of all the years when everybody hooted that no A.F.L. team belonged on the same field with the titans of the N.F.L.—much less Green Bay. Said Stram: "We are playing this game for every team, every player, every coach and every official in the A.F.L."

The oddsmakers obviously don't have much faith in sermons. They picked Green Bay by 13 points.

## PRO BASKETBALL

### Nose to Chin Whiskers

The coach of the National Basketball Association's Philadelphia 76ers does not sound like he really belongs in the pros. For one thing, Alex Hannum is so unimpressed with his own basketball knowledge that he solicits suggestions from his players during time-outs. Worse yet, in a profession never noted for modesty, his humility is practically treasonous. "I'm just lucky enough to have inherited a team that was already great," says Hannum, whose 76ers are currently the winningest team in the history of pro basketball. Last week they beat the Baltimore Bullets 121-115 for their 38th victory in 42 games. That boosted their Eastern Division lead to eight full games over the perennial world-champion Boston Celtics, whose own record of 28 wins and ten losses is nothing to sneer at.

What Hannum actually inherited when he took over the 76ers in May was a team that was still in a state of shock over its collapse in last year's Eastern Division play-offs. Under Coach Dolph Schayes, the 76ers posted a 55-25 record during the regular season, beating the Boston Celtics by one game, only to get walloped 4-1 in the best-of-seven play-offs by the same Celtics—who went on to win their ninth N.B.A. championship in ten years. Schayes blamed the debacle on "players who were saying things behind my back"—particularly 7-ft. 1½-in. Center Wilt ("The Stilt") Chamberlain, whose sullen disdain for Schayes flared into open, noisy rebellion. Schayes's inability to handle Chamberlain finally cost him his job, and Hannum, who had coached Wilt for two years when he played for the San Fran-

cisco Warriors, came on to see what he could do about taming the temperamental superstar.

Chamberlain showed up seven days late at the 76ers' pre-season training camp last fall. Hannum fined him \$1,050 (\$150 a day) and invited Chamberlain into a private room for a little nose-to-chin-whiskers chat. Announced Chamberlain: "Hannum is a helluva coach. I don't always agree with what he says, but I do it."

**Rebound & Decoy.** Thanks to Hannum, Chamberlain has finally demonstrated that he can do a lot more than just stuff a ball into a basket. With an average of only 24 points per game so far this season, Wilt has virtually eliminated himself from competition for the scoring title he has won every year since he came into the league in 1959. Instead, he concentrates on controlling the boards, decoying enemy defenders, setting up teammates for open shots. The result: Wilt ranks No. 3 in the league in assists (with 307) as well as No. 1 in rebounds (with 24.5 per game). But the threat of Chamberlain's great scoring ability (he once hit 100 points in a game) is always there. "We still have our set plays that are primarily designed to play to Wilt's strength," says Hannum, "so the other teams have to



COACH HANNUM & CHAMBERLAIN  
Better than stuffing baskets.

double-cover him all the time. This leaves our other men open."

Chamberlain seems perfectly content with his new role as the self-effacing team player—particularly since it may at last bring him the one thrill he has missed so far: playing on a championship team. Of course, that will probably require beating the Celtics in the play-offs, and Wilt knows how tough a job that is. "The Celtics are better than us at every position but one," he says. "You can guess what that position is."

Center, right? Wrong. "The position I mean," says Wilt, "is coach."



## MEDICINE

### DOCTORS

#### Healing the Montagnards

Years before full-scale U.S. involvement in the war, and long before USAID-supported programs for civilian pacification got under way, some Americans were hard at work in South Viet Nam helping strife-ridden citizens. Few have worked harder against greater odds than Seattle-born Dr. Patricia Marie Smith, 40, who has been in the central highland province of Kontum since 1959, first helping in a leprosarium, then running her own makeshift clinic, now operating a 40-bed hospital.

What made Dr. Smith's work especially tough was the nature of the people she wanted to help. These were the

night dripping fluids into the girl's veins.

The child's quick recovery so astonished the *Montagnards* that they began to pass the word that the white woman's magic might be even better than that of their own women sorcerers. The trickle of patients to Dr. Smith's five-bed dispensary in the provincial capital of Kontum grew to a steady flow and then an overflow. Dr. Smith thereupon began a long struggle to build a hospital outside Kontum, which many *Montagnards* regarded as a hostile city.

"Stop Firing!" The Minh Quy hospital, supported by several small Roman Catholic charities, is now a complex of six whitewashed buildings that are almost as overcrowded as the old dispensary. For its 40 beds there are 120



DR. PATRICIA SMITH AT HER VIET NAM HOSPITAL  
And then one evening, a magic better than sorcery.

mountaineers whom the French politely called *Montagnards*, a people apart from the lowland Vietnamese who sneer at them as *moi* (savages). In any language they are rebellious, superstitious, troublesome and riddled with diseases. Traveling by Land Rover, the big-boned, blue-eyed doctor sat around the fire in 200-odd *Montagnard* villages, becoming fluent in their principal dialect, sipping their raw rice wine and occasionally, as a good guest should, eating a native delicacy—rat.

**Log Casket.** Even these heroic efforts, over two years, failed to win the *Montagnards'* confidence. Then one evening Dr. Smith chugged into a village and saw, outside a long house built on stilts, a twelve-year-old girl in shock from diarrhea and vomiting. "Her father and brothers were so sure she was going to die," Dr. Smith recalls, "that they were hollowing out a log for her casket." Dr. Smith pulled out her infusion kit, hung a bottle from a bamboo overhead, and stayed up all

patients: fortunately, many of them actually prefer to lie on mats on the floor or on porches outside the buildings. There are no minor illnesses. "When a *Montagnard* comes in from his village," says Dr. Smith, "we take it for granted that he's malnourished, mostly from protein deficiency, that he has intestinal parasites and also malaria. After that, we ask what's wrong with him." Despite the confidence she has won through her skill and insight, Dr. Smith finds that many patients still will not go to the hospital until it is too late.

The war sometimes intrudes. In 1965, the hospital was caught in crossfire between Viet Cong and Americans. Dr. Smith herded all her patients into the wards and got all but one, a boy in traction, onto the floor to reduce the risk of casualties from machine-gun bullets. When Americans urged her by phone from Kontum to take refuge in the city, she snapped: "Don't be ridiculous! I can't leave my patients." Then a stray bullet hit a woman in the thigh,

and Dr. Smith was on the phone again, this time barking at an American commander: "Stop firing on my patients!"

If anyone had told Patricia Smith when she entered the University of Washington that she would some day be pinned down by machine-gun fire, she would have hooted. Her first choice was journalism but, bored with that, she switched to pre-med. After internship, Dr. Smith became bored again, this time at the prospect of "tending to well babies and anxious mothers," so she worked for two years at a miners' hospital in depressed Appalachia. When that closed, Dr. Smith went to a Catholic women's organization, the Grail, and volunteered for overseas mission work. Now she has no time to be bored. In 31 years her Minh Quy hospital has admitted 12,000 different patients, and no one has counted the outpatients who show up for treatment during clinic hours. The Viet Cong give Dr. Smith no direct trouble, probably because the *Montagnards* have formed a living shield around the woman they now call *Ya Paqang Tih*—"Big Grandmother of All Medicine."

### PHLEBOLOGY

#### Palliatives but No Cures

Just about the commonest complaint seen by the surgeon is one of the least talked-about but most advertised of human conditions: hemorrhoids, or piles. Last week the Federal Trade Commission decided that some clear talk was needed not only about hemorrhoids, but about the advertising claims made by manufacturers of suppositories and ointments for their treatment. These preparations, said the FTC, "at best only afford temporary relief of minor itching . . . and some types of pain." So it ordered the companies "to stop falsely advertising them as cures."

Hemorrhoids are nothing but varicose veins in the anal region. They result from greatly increased pressure in the anal veins during the muscular contractions of defecation, when portions of a vein break through the skin or other tissues that normally confine them. Famed Harvard Surgeon Francis B. Moore (TIME cover, May 3, 1963) notes in the textbook *Surgery*: "In a sophisticated population, sensitive to their own complaints and careful of personal hygiene, one rarely sees the tremendously advanced hemorrhoids that are common in a more careless social stratum." But a woman is liable to develop hemorrhoids during pregnancy because of increased abdominal pressure. And in both sexes, some enlargement of anal veins is so common with the passage of years that Dr. Moore views it as "a normal anatomic variant of aging." Piles may be either internal or external, or a combination of both.

Sometimes, but seldom, a hemorrhoid heals itself through the development of a blood clot, which shuts down the vein. Surgery in moderately severe cases is

minor and like a treatment for varicose veins of the leg: a chemical is injected to harden the vein's walls and make it close down. In more severe cases, part of the vein and surrounding tissues must be cut out. Operations used to be dreaded because of infections and slow healing. Now they are safer, thanks to antibiotics, and healing is quicker.

Best known of the four companies ordered by the FTC to stop claiming that their medications will shrink hemorrhoids or obviate the need for surgery was American Home Products Corp., maker of Preparation H. The company planned to appeal to the courts. Three smaller companies conceded that the effects of their products were similar to those of Preparation H and may also appeal or seek reargument before the commission.

## TOXICOLOGY

### Cutting Out Snake Bite

The frontiersman's traditional snake-bite remedy came in a bottle, and was shown, years ago, to be bad medicine. Alcohol increases the blood flow in the extremities and thus helps to spread the poison. Now a Florida surgeon suggests that the currently fashionable technique, combining a tourniquet with crosswise incisions and sucking out the venom, may not be much better. His recommendation: cut out a piece of flesh at the bite site.

Miami's Dr. Clifford C. Snyder got interested in the toxicology of snake venoms after his prized dog died of a rattlesnake bite. In the laboratory he extracted snake venom, purified it, laced it with radioactive iodine-131, and injected it into the hind legs of dogs. Most of the venom stayed in the immediate area of an untreated wound for about 20 minutes. Dr. Snyder found, but with a tourniquet around the leg it stayed in place almost twice as long. Crosscutting and suction removed very little venom, so Surgeon Snyder decided that the most effective way to get rid of it was to cut out a disk of flesh around the fang marks.

In two years Dr. Snyder has performed this simple surgery on 32 patients, five bitten by cottonmouth moccasins and 27 by rattlesnakes. All have recovered. Obviously, excising a piece of flesh up to the size of a silver dollar is not practical in the head and neck region, Dr. Snyder concedes in the *A.M.A. Journal*, but most snake bites are on the hands, arms and legs.

Immediate first aid for snake bite still consists of applying a tourniquet between the wound and the heart—slack enough, says Dr. Snyder, for a finger to pass between the bandage and the limb. Then a dash to the hospital, where antivenom is given after the surgery. If a hunter is hours away from a hospital, he may even be able to perform the emergency surgery himself, because snake venom acts as a mild local anesthetic and leaves the bite area numb.

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## COLLECTIONS

## A Royal Eye for the Chinese

In 1632, Sweden's royal palace had only one painting on its walls. That was the year Queen Christina came to the throne; 22 years and 500 paintings later, she had made Stockholm into the Athens of the North. Now 300 years and 14 monarchs later, Sweden has still another royal art lover. He is Gustaf VI Adolf, 84, and he collects things Chinese.

Sixty years have passed since Gustaf made his first purchase: a hexagonal famille rose dish of the Ch'ien Lung period. In the interim he has bought about 2,400 objects for his collection, which he works at with as much archaeological curiosity as artistic love. Even the dog he gave the late Queen Louise is a Pekinese named Fisel, and she laps water from a modern Scandinavian imitation of an ancient Chinese stoneware bowl placed on a square of Chinese carpet in the palace's museum room.

At the age of 15, Gustaf began digging for Viking relics in, of all places, the gardens of Sweden's summer castle. He found none, but that did not blunt his enthusiasm for further exploration. He studied archaeology at Uppsala Uni-

versity, and while a student, unearthed one of his nation's most precious artifacts—a gold-plated sword dating from Sweden's Iron Age. As the young Crown Prince, Gustaf in 1926 visited the Orient, where he met Swedish archaeologists busy uncovering China's prehistoric ages. Fascinated by the similarity between Viking and ancient Chinese bronze objects, Gustaf began collecting, helped stock Stockholm's Museum of Far Eastern Antiquities.

Currently, 150 choice pieces from King Gustaf's collection are touring the U.S., and last week went on exhibition in New York's Asia House Gallery. Typical of his sharp-eyed acquisitiveness are his ceramic brace of Northern Wei young women. Dating from around A.D. 500, they stand only 61-in. high and represent dancers ready to perform in a nobleman's house. The piece was never meant to be seen by living eyes; like funeral objects found in Egyptian tombs, the sculpture was placed in the elegant grave of a dead prince as a token of worldly pleasures to accompany him in the afterlife.

The late Queen Louise lovingly used to twit the King about his digging enthusiasms. Once, while the royal limou-

sine was inching along a torn-up street in Stockholm, she asked him: "Gusti, have you been busy here lately?" But she was equally proud of his accomplishments, used to remark: "I didn't marry a King. I married a professor." And very like a professor the King still acts, always carrying a pocket magnifying glass and often remarking that if Sweden ever got rid of his crown, he could always go to work in a museum.

## A Friend of the Fogg

A collector is known for his judgment. And it is no mean measure that, among those who studied with Harvard's late Paul J. Sachs, no fewer than 16 became U.S. museum directors and curators. The son of Samuel Sachs, a founder of the Wall Street firm Goldman, Sachs & Co., the 5-ft-tall connoisseur started his career as a banker and wore a pearl stickpin. But his purchases were not at all conservative, ranging from Rembrandt to Saul Steinberg, Ben Shahn and Alexander Calder. He bought them all, mainly their graphic works, and used his collection to teach two generations to appreciate art.

Quality was the watchword of Paul Sachs, or "P.J.S.," as he was known. Recalls Chicago Director Cunningham: "He believed that when you put your money down for a French painting, it should be good enough to hang in the Louvre, a British painting good enough to hang in the National Gallery." And Sachs frankly believed in educating an elite. This was not so much a belief in art for the few but in art understood sufficiently by an elite to enable them to entice the many.

**Anecdotes & Tactics.** He was quite willing on occasion to let art overwhelm him. One time after he had acquired a Cézanne, he presented it to his seminar and began to expostulate on its form. Suddenly he stopped, exploded, "My God, just look at it!" This is the sensation one gets while viewing the current memorial exhibit from his collection at New York's Museum of Modern Art. The memorial could not be better hung nor more appropriately placed: not only was he one of the Modern's seven founders; he also hand-picked as its first director his pupil, Alfred H. Barr Jr.

Sachs used his graphics as teaching tools. "It is in his drawings that an artist makes his most spontaneous statements," said Sachs, "and enables us to follow his thought in the very act of creation." While his students clustered around them in his living room at his Cambridge house, called Shady Hill, he spoke of the humanity that swelled in



KING GUSTAF'S NORTHERN WEI DANCERS  
Never meant for the living.

Among them: the late James Rorimer, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art; Met Curators Theodore Rousseau and Jacob Bean; Museum of Modern Art Curator William Lieberman; Chicago Art Institute Director Charles Cunningham; National Gallery Director John Walker; Harvard's Fogg Art Museum Director John Coolidge; Fogg Assistant Director Agnes Mongan; Boston Museum of Fine Arts Director Perry Rathbone; Morgan Library's Curator Felice Stampfle; Toledo Museum Director Otto Wittman.



DEGAS' "YOUNG WOMAN"



PICASSO'S "MOTHER"



MANTEGNA'S "EIGHT APOSTLES"

#### Understanding for an elite to entice the many.

the lines and shading of the works. "I never finished a lecture," recalls John Walker, "without wanting to rush out and buy all the prints I could afford and drawings that I couldn't."

Despite its informality, Sachs's course was no pipe. "One of our first assignments was to memorize all the objects in a room at the Fogg," remembers Curator Lieberman. "And of course we did it." Sachs liked to teach more by anecdotes than academics. "He talked about all his purchases," remembers Curator Rousseau, "and gave us a sense of the tactics you have to learn. A museum person has to be fast on his feet—a scholar, a collector, a dealer and a showman all mixed with diplomacy. Sachs was all these things."

**Blueprints of the Mind.** Passion stamps the paper that the artists have sketched on. Most of the works in Sachs's collection are small. A ghostly group of apostles in bistre (a soft soot brown) watch Christ ascend off the paper in the deft dreaminess of the *quattrocento* hand of Andrea Mantegna. Sachs loved the graphics of Edgar Degas (the owned 21), and one of the best is the 12-in. by 9-in. brush drawing *A Young Woman in Street Costume*. Despite its smallness, the purity of the girl's soft profile gives it the monumentality of proud, aloof youth. His Picasso study of a mother and child, making a *contrapposto* of shoulders and hands, is superlative enough to make the Blue Period of 1904 seem a perfect neighbor to Mantegna's 15th century touch. For Sachs, it was the exquisite image in itself; nothing else mattered.

As blueprints for the meanderings of the human mind, Sachs's collection was something not even to be possessed. He gave his private collection to the Fogg for study purposes. Labels never

bore his name as lender or donor; the only identification they wore was that they were from "A Friend of the Fogg." Sachs, upon his death in 1965 at the age of 86, had given 2,690 works to the museum, a bequest by an individual to a teaching collection unequalled in its taste and scope.

#### INCUNABULA

##### The Final Metamorphosis

Gutenberg Bibles are as rare as the printings of William Caxton, the first Englishman to set his language in movable type. Both are as common as telephone books compared to a handwritten Caxton manuscript. When the Englishman's 15th century translation of

the first nine books of the Roman poet Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, a series of moralizing fables, was sold at auction in London's Sotheby's (TIME, July 8), the illustrated gem fetched \$252,000—a record high for any book ever sold to the public. A New York dealer bought it, and the 272-page manuscript seemed destined to remain forever separate from the other six books of the *Metamorphoses*, bequeathed by Diarist Samuel Pepys in 1703 to Cambridge's Magdalene College.

Under British law, an export license was held up for half a year and then delayed an additional month to see if native money might rescue this national treasure. Government pleas, fundraising attempts, and entreaties by Magdalene College succeeded in getting only about a third of the needed funds—until last week, when in the nick of time the remainder came from the most unexpected pockets. U.S. Book Publisher George Braziller, who has published fine art reproductions, got Eugene B. Power, founder of University Microfilms, a subsidiary of Xerox Corp., to give \$200,000 to redeem the rare edition for the Cambridge scholars.

The work will be united with the last six Ovid books at Magdalene, but there is an ulterior motive behind the gift. Braziller, who says that his "greatest pleasure" was publishing a facsimile of an extremely rare 15th century Dutch manuscript, *The Hours of Catherine of Cleves*, has the rights to reproduce the entire Caxton book in a limited edition of 1,000. Braziller will use the profits to pay Power back the \$200,000. So two U.S. businessmen have combined to leave the Caxton work in Great Britain, yet permit the public to tuck a splendid facsimile away in libraries for study and delectation.



PAUL J. SACHS

Quality was the watchword.



## ASTRONOMY

## The Mirrors Are Coming

University of Connecticut Physics Professor Edgar Everhart is an amateur astronomer who has discovered one comet and is co-discoverer of another. He takes his avocation seriously. When the city of Hartford installed street lights that Everhart considered needlessly bright, he complained that the glow they cast in the night sky interfered with celestial observations. But even Hartford's street lights paled into insignificance when Everhart got wind of Project Able—a little-publicized NASA and Defense Department project to put into orbit mirror-like satellites that would reflect the sun and illuminate large areas of earth at night.

The controversial proposal, which is being evaluated by five U.S. companies under NASA study contracts totaling \$490,000, would launch inflatable satellites into synchronous orbits 22,300 miles above the earth. Opened up and inflated, the satellites would take the shape of disks 2,000 ft. in diameter, each with a highly reflective, mirror-like face. Using attitude-control jets, ground controllers could position the space mirrors to direct the reflected rays of the sun down toward the night side of the earth. The reflection could illuminate a circular area approximately 220 miles in diameter with nearly twice the brightness of the full moon.

**Circadian Rhythms.** NASA has suggested that such nighttime illumination would be useful in search-and-rescue work, in spacecraft-recovery operations and in lengthening short winter days at high latitudes. But its spokesmen have carefully avoided discussing another obvious application: military use in Viet Nam. A single mirror satellite in synchronous orbit over Southeast Asia could cast light on an area stretching from Saigon all the way to Pointe de



PHYSICIST EVERHART  
Raising Cain about Able.

Camau, at the southern tip of Viet Nam, thus depriving guerrillas of the protection of darkness.

Despite these practical applications, many scientists share Physicist Everhart's concern about the space mirrors. Biologists fear that decreasing the hours of darkness could disturb the delicate circadian rhythms that control many life processes. Other scientists envision a mirror swinging out of control, reflecting sunlight indiscriminately over the night face of the earth. Even more alarming to Everhart is the potential proliferation of the mirrors. "Farmers would demand them to plow their fields at night," he says, "and resort owners would want them to light their lakes and pools." Singlehanded, Everhart has mounted an intensive campaign to rally the scientific community against Project Able. "It isn't important that I find any more comets," he says, "but it is important that the night sky be preserved for astronomy."

## New Moon Over Saturn

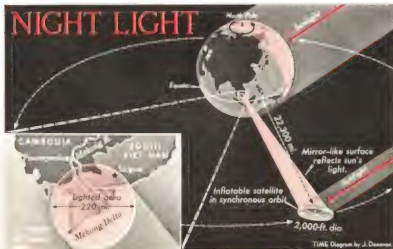
Phoebe, Saturn's ninth moon, was discovered in 1898, and astronomers have been vainly looking for others ever since. Their long quest has finally been rewarded. French Astronomer Audouin Dollfus reported last week that he had found another friend for Phoebe—a tenth moon orbiting close to the outer edge of Saturn's rings.

The determined search for the new moon had actually been hindered by the spectacular rings, which reflect sunlight brilliantly, obscuring other objects in the vicinity of the planet. But though the rings are wide, they are also incredibly thin—perhaps even less than a foot thick. Thus every 14 years or so, when the earth passes through Saturn's equatorial plane and astronomers can get an edge-on view of the rings, their glow practically disappears. In place of their familiar, disklike shape, the rings appear as a faint, straight line, much like the side view of a phonograph record held flat at eye level.

In mid-December, when one of the infrequent edge-on views occurred, Dollfus photographed Saturn through a telescope at the Paris Observatory's Meudon station. When the plates were developed, he detected on several of them a tiny spot of light only about 52,000 miles from the planet's surface. Reasonably confident that he had found a tenth Saturnian moon, he promptly telegraphed news of his discovery to the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, the world's clearing house for celestial discoveries.

Alerted by the Smithsonian's announcement last week, Astronomer Richard Walker of the Naval Observatory's Flagstaff station examined Saturn photographs that he had taken on the night of December 18. On four of his plates he found what looked like a tiny droplet superimposed on the edge-on rings. The confirmation of the discovery will entitle Dollfus to name the new moon. If he abides by tradition established in identifying Saturn's moons, he will pick the name of a mythological character associated with Saturn, a Roman god of agriculture.

Astronomers estimate that the new moon orbits Saturn once every 18 hours and is between 100 and 200 miles in diameter. It is thus slightly larger than Saturn's smallest moon (Phoebe) but dwarfed by the largest (Titan), which is 2,900 miles in diameter—nearly as large as the planet Mercury. Despite the diminutive size of the new satellite, its gravity is probably strong enough to cause significant perturbations in the orbits of the countless tiny particles that constitute the nearby Saturnian rings. Thus, in conjunction with the gravitational pull of some of the other inner Saturnian moons, it may well be responsible for a mysterious characteristic of the rings—the dark gaps or divisions that separate them.



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TIME, JANUARY 13, 1967

# U.S. BUSINESS

## AVIATION

### Frustration Beneath Elation

"It is my judgment that this Government should immediately commence a new program in partnership with private industry to develop at the earliest practical date the prototype of a commercially successful supersonic transport superior to that being built in any other country in the world."

—President Kennedy, June 5, 1963

Among those who cheered Kennedy's decision to build the world's biggest and best supersonic transport was Vice President Lyndon Johnson. But as President, Johnson's enthusiasm has noticeably waned. He properly played a passive part in the bitter 30-month competition between Boeing and Lockheed to build the airframe and between General Electric and Pratt & Whitney to make the engines. But in finally declaring Boeing and G.E. to be the winners, the President also withheld for an indefinite period the money they will need to move full speed ahead in building prototypes of the newly named B-2707.

Thus, beneath their elation, Boeing's brass could only feel a certain sense of continuing frustration. The B-2707, of course, will be by far the most costly airplane ever built. It will fly faster (1,800 m.p.h.), higher (75,000 ft.) and farther (4,000 miles) than any commercial airplane in history. To overcome temperatures of 500 degrees at the speed and altitude in which it will operate, it will be covered with titanium and stainless steel six times tougher than aluminum. For the 250 to 350 passengers aboard, it will be a winged arrow, cutting the flying time from New York to Paris, for instance, to two hours and 20 minutes. A B-2707 traveling from Los Angeles to Denver will have to be cleared to land at Denver before it ever takes off from Los Angeles.

**Staggering Finances.** Building such an airplane in the numbers required—114 are already on order and estimates are that by 1980 at least 400 will be bought at a total price of \$14 billion—is a staggering financial undertaking. About \$5 billion will have to be pumped in before the SSTs fly any scheduled flights—and neither Boeing nor Lockheed nor any other private company has that kind of cash lying around. The alternative is that the Government, which paid 75% of the development costs and guaranteed the losers that most of their own investment would be returned, will probably have to put up about 90% of the money.

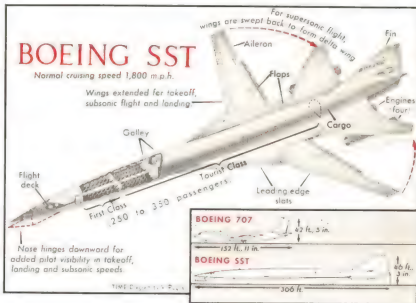
Present appropriations of about \$208 million will enable Boeing and G.E. to proceed for several months of necessary pre-tooling, plant preparation and design refinement. Beyond that, the U.S. supersonic, which is already three years behind the British-French Concorde, will be seriously delayed if funds are not

forthcoming. "It is highly important," says Boeing President William M. Allen, "that we move forward as rapidly as is consistent with the production of a sound, viable airplane."

Allen, who has moved Boeing into the leading place among U.S. plane-makers during his 21 years as president, will have to do his biggest selling job on Lyndon Johnson, who displayed his ambivalence about the SST in his handling of the announcement of the design winners. Washington had been awash with rumors that the announcement was im-

William Proxmire led an attack on the project, damned it as "a jet-set trill," finally wound up on the short end of a vote more narrow than anyone expected. Voting with Proxmire, among others, were both Robert and Teddy Kennedy—despite the fact that their brother had been the one who put the U.S. into the SST race in the first place.

If the President and Congress maintain this mood, the ceiling may be lowered for a U.S. industry that has built 78% of the 9,000 airline planes now flying worldwide and is confidently ex-



ninent and that Boeing had won, but Acting Press Secretary Robert Fleming, with the President in Austin, declared that he was "confident" that no announcement was about to be made.

The next morning, at a televised press conference, President Johnson was asked about an SST decision. "We don't have any definite date," snapped Johnson. "General McKee will have an announcement in connection with it shortly." As it happened, "shortly" turned out to be "now" because officials concerned forgot about the one-hour time difference between Washington and Texas. At the same moment, Federal Aviation Agency Administrator William F. McKee in the capital was telling another press conference about the Boeing-General Electric decision.

One reason for Johnson's foot-dragging about the SST is political: he is having trouble with liberal Democratic Senators who fear that the nation's anti-poverty program will suffer cutbacks in favor of any spending for the B-2707. Seeking a \$200 million supplemental appropriation for SST design work last August, the White House anticipated routine approval. Instead, Wisconsin's

peet to nail down the supersonic market as well after 1974, SST work elsewhere is rolling along. The Russians are hard and quietly at work on the TU-144. In Toulouse last week, the Concorde prototype's wings were mated to its body and the \$3 billion project is keeping right on schedule toward scheduled flight in 1971. The Concorde is smaller, slower and less rangy than the B-2707, will seat only 136 people. But it costs only \$16 million, or less than half as much, and the Anglo-French consortium, with 69 orders already in the book, anticipates more if work is held up on the American version.

**Glorify & Jobs.** The aircraft industry still remains more than hopeful that the President will eventually provide the necessary money. The industry points to several practical values in speeding up SST work. One is that eventual foreign sales of \$40 billion would help the balance of payments. Another is that the Government would recoup everything it laid out in the shape of royalties. Beyond that, the SST, as the biggest single venture ever undertaken by U.S. industry, will create at least 100,000 new jobs across the country. The plane





BOEING'S ALLEN (LEFT) AND STAFF ON SST MOCKUP'S WING.  
Going ahead as best they can.

is too big for Boeing to build alone; Avco Corp., Fairchild, Hitler, Ling-Temco-Vought, Martin Marietta, North American Aviation and Northrop have already been designated as subcontractors, and Lockheed too may end up with a slice of the work.

Meanwhile, Boeing is going ahead as best it can. The B-2717 still has some design problems; foremost among them is the sonic booms it will create whizzing along at Mach 2.7 and the airport noise its engines will cause. But Boeing is confident that its swing wing, which folds back along the fuselage at 1,800 m.p.h. and opens out at slower subsonic speeds, may solve much of the boom and svrroom. And even while some engineers work at refinements such as these, others are already seriously at work on a new generation of jets to eventually follow. They would be called HSTs, for hypersonic transport, and would hurtle along at Mach 10 or 6,600 m.p.h. At that speed, the trip to Paris will take only 45 minutes.

## RAILROADS

### Let Them Eat Cake

The Supreme Court this week will begin to ponder the most significant railroad case to reach it since Teddy Roosevelt 65 years ago successfully fought J. P. Morgan and James J. Hill by contesting what has come to be called the Great Northern case. The question before the justices, whether, and on what terms, to approve the merger of the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central into a \$6 billion line stretching over 20,000 miles of track that would represent the largest private rail system in the world. By coincidence, the week also marks the fifth anniversary of the occasion on which the Pennsy and the Central formally announced their plans. The fact delaying lengthy legal battles four times since have stalled the merger is an indication

of what is backwarily wrong about U.S. railroads.

**\$225,000 a Day.** The fault is not with the two railroads themselves. Having negotiated for nine years before they finally reached agreement, the Pennsy and Central knew what they wanted to do. Yards and lines were to be gradually integrated, freight schedules speeded up, and the work force gradually trimmed by 5,000 a year through death or retirement. On the basis of what they expected to save by merging, the two estimated that they were losing \$225,000 a day because of the delay. Meanwhile, 3,100 workers have been furloughed, and planning is snarled because neither road wants to lay out money on facilities that do not figure in the joint operation.

The delay, which will continue at least until spring because of the Supreme Court hearing, is the doing of other northeastern railroads that would be affected by the merger. The ICC, in unanimously approving the Penn Central, ordered it to continue doing business with smaller railroads and to indemnify them for losses because of the merger. Ultimately, all are likely to find a place in a second big merger between the Norfolk & Western and the C. & O.—B. & O. But the smaller lines, notably the Delaware & Hudson, Erie-Lackawanna and Boston & Maine, have taken to the court their vigorous protest about the Penn Central merger.

**"Nothing to Lose."** Pennsy Chairman Stuart Saunders lays most of the blame squarely on the railroad he formerly headed: the Norfolk & Western. "A

campaign of delay is being conducted in good part by the Norfolk & Western Railway," Saunders told the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce recently. "With everything to gain and nothing to lose, the N. & W. seems to want to prolong as long as it possibly can the tremendous competitive advantages gained from its own merger with the Nickel Plate and Wabash, which has been in effect for more than two years." Saunders called the N. & W. "the Marie Antoinette of the 20th century," telling every other railroad to go eat cake. But the N. & W. said he, already has much of the cake. "By all odds, it is the most profitable railroad in the world and it has a built-in efficiency and profitability that no other road or combination of roads in the East can ever jeopardize."

Some blame for the stall rests with the archaic ICC, despite its unanimous backing of the Penn Central. The commission made a basic mistake by taking up the eastern mergers piecemeal instead of together. This made it possible—and probable—that every other railroad would commence to scramble for position. There are indications, however, that even the hoary ICC is changing. Last month Commissioner William H. Tucker, 43, a onetime paratrooper who is not afraid to jump into railroad battles, moved into the chairman's job. Tucker has long argued against the case-by-case approach. "The public," he insists, "should not have to wait half a generation for a railroad merger to be decided." Last week, under the new chairman's goading, the ICC announced that it will soon take up the N. & W. merger with the C. & O.—B. & O. It will also reconsider the merger proposal of the Burlington, Northern Pacific and Great Northern, which was voted down narrowly (6-5) by the ICC last year. This was by another coincidence the 1902 merger on which Teddy Roosevelt staked his fight.



ICC CHAIRMAN TUCKER  
Ready to jump.

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## STATES

### Go-Go in Ohio

As recently as 1962, Ohio qualified as one of the less industrious of the nation's industrial states. Beset by an \$83 million budget deficit, a dearth of new business, and a 25% drop in employment during the previous six years, Ohio set out to do something about its sluggish economy. Since then, no other state has wooed industry with quite as much ardor—or success. Last year Ohio lured an estimated \$2.1 billion in new industrial investment, the best such performance ever by any state.

The turnaround reflects Ohio's unique natural assets for taking full advantage of the expansion fever that has gripped U.S. business. Strategically situated within a 500-mile reach of 67% of the nation's population, 72% of its purchasing power, and 78% of its man-

ufacturers, the Governor has also worked to get existing Ohio companies to expand, attended 800 "industry appreciation" dinners in all parts of the state. Unlike most governors, Rhodes did not complain when the Federal Government closed local installations, instead welcomed the challenge of getting private industry to take over abandoned sites.

Sharing Rhodes's enthusiasm is the four-year-old Ohio Development Department, which serves as a clearinghouse for the state's available plant sites, providing what Director F. P. Neuenschwander calls "one-stop service." Making industry-hunting "blitz trips" to other states with hardsell efficiency, the department shuns the routine of banquets and press conferences on the theory that businessmen are best approached in their own offices. In fact, "Rhodes's raiders" like to show up without appointments. Explains Deputy Di-

## AUTOS

### Retreat from the Record

When all the U.S. auto-sales figures were added up for the calendar year 1966, it turned out to be the second best year ever. This brought no dancing in the streets of Detroit, since the automakers' sales of 8,373,502 cars represented a drop of 4.3% from the record 1965 sales of 8,750,881.

At that, the breakdown suggested that good styling and merchandising can offset unfavorable economic conditions. Chrysler, the only big automaker to register a gain, sold 1.8% more cars than the year before—with its well-promoted Dodge Division leading the way (see following story). Similarly, while General Motors suffered a 6.8% overall sales decline, Cadillac's sales were up 5%. For Pontiac, benefiting from the popularity of its intermediate Tempest,



GENERAL MILLS PLANT AT LANCASTER



GOVERNOR RHODES



GOODYEAR PLANT AT LOGAN

*Where unemployment is the root of most evil and profit is not a dirty word.*

ufacturing, Ohio is blessed with excellent transportation facilities, generally amicable labor relations, and some of the lowest utility rates of any state. Just as important, Republican Governor James A. Rhodes's administration has painstakingly projected the image of a state where "profit is not a dirty word."

**Blitz Trips.** Rhodes, 57, who won office in 1962 by pledging to put the budget in shape, levy no new taxes, and expand employment, is a man obsessed with what jobs mean. As he sees it, unemployment is the root of most social ills and thus is the paramount political issue. Last fall, running for a second four-year term, the Governor plastered the state with two-word stickers: "Rhodes—Jobs." This week, when he is sworn in after a smashing re-election win, he can point to a remarkable record. During his tenure Ohio has added 330,000 jobs, and its unemployment rate has fallen from 5.7% to about 3%.

To create a climate conducive to business investment, Rhodes took the political risk of sharply paring state expenditures, has kept Ohio one of only ten states with neither a statewide corporate nor a personal income tax. Constantly on the phone to out-of-state ex-

ecutive Patterson: "It doesn't give them an opportunity to tell you not to come."

**Inking of Interest.** Ohio's go-getters have seen their efforts pay off. In 1962, only 542 Ohio plants expanded their facilities, and 91 new companies moved into the state. In 1964, those figures jumped to 2,017 and 452; last year, to 2,550 and 560. Rhodes has had a hand in much of the new activity. After General Mills decided to open a plant in Lancaster, Ohio, the Governor characteristically called up the company, says Vice President William Haun, "and assured us the state would do anything it could to help us handle any problems."

By lining up local financing, he got Akron-based Goodyear Tire & Rubber to put a new plant in Logan, Ohio, instead of in Michigan. Similarly, when Radio Corporation of America decided to close down its Cambridge, Ohio plant, Rhodes and his development team got an inkling of interest from Dayton-based National Cash Register. "Within hours," recalls the company's vice-president for manufacturing Daniel Hughes, "they had a man here with a state plane to fly us to Cambridge." National Cash Register took over the plant.

It was the fifth straight year of record sales. The big G.M. loser (off 11%) was Chevrolet, which held on to a slender 2,145,000-to-2,006,474 sales lead over the rival Ford Division. Ford itself sold 18,000 fewer cars than in 1965.

What most bothered Detroit was the prospect that its 1967 models would run into further decline. Last month, each of the Big Three sold fewer cars than in December 1965. Production schedules for this month call for an output of only 720,000 cars v. 816,000 last January. Last week Ford knocked off a production day at many of its plants, decided to drop a number of low-seniority workers altogether. Chrysler meanwhile shut down its St. Louis assembly plant for a week. Beleaguered American Motors, which suffered a 17.4% sales loss last year and is off to a slow start with its restyled 1967 models, this week will close its Milwaukee and Kenosha, Wis., plants for ten days, after that will lay off 4,100 workers.

**The Safety Front.** Another complication for the automakers is that they will be hit on Jan. 31 with the first set of federal safety standards, which will be mandatory for all 1968 models. Manufacturers last week notified National



Traffic Safety Agency Administrator Dr. William Haddon Jr. that they would be unable to meet several requirements unless they are modified. Among the standards troubling some companies:

- **STRONGER SEAT-BELT ANCHORAGES.** The agency's specifications might require major changes in floor and seat design.
- **SHOULDER HARNESSSES.** Suggesting that most people find them a nuisance, G.M. called for "future technological development to increase the level of public acceptance."

- **POSITIONING OF DASH-PANEL KNOBS.** The agency wants them placed so that a shoulder-harnessed driver can operate them. Chrysler reported that its models were so designed that a short-armed woman driver could not reach them when harnessed in.

- **RAISED PARKING LIGHTS, REFLECTORS AND SIGNALING DEVICES.** The agency says that these should be at least 20 inches above the ground. The only way to accomplish this on some models, said the automakers, is to mount lights on an unsightly bumper attachment.

Most of the misgivings boiled down to Detroit's insistence that not enough lead time remains for revisions before next fall's model introductions. Warned American Motors Vice President E. W. Bernitt: "Certain of the proposed standards, if made effective in their present form, would prohibit our company from marketing its 1968 models."

Amid all this, the auto industry had still other problems on the safety front. Since they became required to do so by U.S. law last September, foreign and domestic manufacturers have reported that some 800,000 late-model vehicles needed to be checked for possible safety flaws. The latest such announcement came last week: G.M. began recalling 269,000 of its 1967-model cars (Chevrolet Chevelles and El Caminos, Pontiac Tempests, Oldsmobile F-85s and Buick Specials), because of possible defects in their steering shafts. Such recalls do not mean that all the cars are defective. What they do mean is that Detroit is getting overly skittish about safety or else quality control on the assembly line is not all that it should be.

## ADVERTISING

### Calamity Pam

Anyone who watched television during the past year must have seen a pretty but slightly misty-looking 5-ft. 4-in. blonde tumble out of a highflying airplane, crash a speedboat onto a beach at full throttle, ride a wagon hauled by galloping horses, plunge through an opening drawbridge, fall off a roof, and accidentally lean on a dynamite plunger. At the moment of greatest peril, the pixy hollered something like: "Stamp out crumpled compacts!" or "Kick the dull driving habit!" or "Don't follow the leader. Drive it!" After which she miraculously escaped disaster—crying "Join the Dodge Rebellion!"

The blonde is Pamela Austin, a 25-

year-old Omaha-born actress and model who lives in Hollywood with her husband and two-year-old son. All her hare-brained derring-do is done in the name of souping up sales of Dodge automobiles. Though it is impossible to say precisely how much auto sales are affected by promotion as opposed to styling, the fact remains that Dodge has done wonderfully well since it first went riding with Calamity Pam. In 1966, while most auto sales slumped, Dodge's went up by 5%.

As for Pam Austin, her job with Dodge has never taken her to Detroit, she knows few of the Chrysler Corp.'s top brass, and until she was spotted for the Dodge Rebellion by Don Schwab, Hollywood producer for Manhattan-based advertising agency Batten, Bar-



AUSTIN ON SON'S BIKE  
Playing dodgems.

ton, Durstine & Osborn, she was virtually unknown. Pam was under contract to Warner Bros. and MGM, made a few pilot films for TV, and did a stint as a dancer in Tony Martin's nightclub act, but her career was going nowhere. The Dodge Rebellion revolutionized all that. Last year she earned \$34,000 plus residuals for making great televised escapes. This year she asked for and got \$60,000, plus residuals. And she has just completed a flick with Pat Boone called—of all things—*Perils of Poutine*.

## ECONOMISTS

### Bigness & Badness

Almost every aspect of the economy has been subjected to searching analysis—except for organized crime. Now Harvard Economist Thomas C. Schelling, speaking in Washington before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, complains that "racketeering and the provision of illegal goods

have been conspicuously neglected by economists." He proposes that they be studied—and fought—through techniques of "modern economics and business administration."

The same kind of analysis that federal regulatory agencies use in handling antitrust and other problems could, says Schelling, "help in identifying the incentives that apply to organized crime and in restructuring laws to minimize the costs, wastes and injustices that crime entails."

Schelling believes that "a good many economic and business principles that operate in the 'upper-world' must, with suitable modification for change in environment, operate in the underworld as well." Indeed, there is a distinct "typology of underworld business." One major group is black markets, which sell "commodities and services contrary to law," such as dope, abortions and—through scalpers—New York theater tickets. A second is racketeering, which includes extortion and other businesses "based on intimidation."

**Infra-Structure.** Like legitimate business, the underworld has its basic, or "core," industries. "In economic-development terms," says Schelling, "black markets may provide the central core (or 'infra-structure') of underworld business, capable of branching out into other lines." The underworld economy probably grew out of the Prohibition-era bootleg liquor industry, which "may have put underworld business in the U.S. in what economic developers call the 'takeoff' into self-sustained growth."

Nowadays, big crime steals a key principle from big business: "Small-scale operation is more costly than large-scale." Organized crime works at cutting "high overhead costs," uses its "equipment or specialized personnel fully." Large operations take advantage of the fact that "where entry can be denied to newcomers, centralized price-setting will yield monopoly rewards to those who control the market." Moreover, the bigger the racket, "the more formerly 'external' costs will become costs internal to the firm"—and thus under better control. One important "cost" is violence. The big firms, says Schelling, "have a collective interest in keeping down violence to avoid trouble with the public and the police."

**Quality Control.** All of this leads, inevitably, to the same problem that befuddles federal regulatory agencies in the upperworld: Does bigness mean badness? Or, as Schelling puts it, "Should crime be organized or disorganized?" In the case of abortion, for example, Schelling admits that "one can wish it were better organized. A large organization could impose higher standards. It would have an interest in quality control and the protection of its 'good will' that the petty abortionist is unlikely to have." Puzzles Schelling: "If the alternative is 'disorganized crime,' the answer is not easy."

# WORLD BUSINESS

SHIPS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT WARNOV YARDS IN WARNEMÜNDE

At long last, something to put in the sad sack.

## EAST GERMANY

### On the Ways

Among casual observers of Eastern Europe's people's republics, East Germany retains a mistaken reputation for being an economic sad sack. Yet almost unnoticed, the country has risen to tenth place among the world's industrial powers—and the resurgence is due in no small part to the busy shipyards on East Germany's Baltic coast.

Last year these yards turned out no fewer than 175 ships, totaling about 250,000 tons. In the final week of 1966, Warnemünde's Warnow yards—East Germany's largest—delivered a 12,300-ton freighter to the U.S.S.R., along with the 150th of a series of 10,000-ton freighters to East Germany's own state-controlled shipping company, VEB (for *Volkseigener Betrieb*) Deutsche Seereederei (The People's Own German Shipping Enterprise). The Wismar yards launched a 20,000-ton Russian passenger ship, the *Shota Rustaveli*, and Rosstock's Neptune yards sent another 4,000-ton freighter, the 112th during the past eleven years, down the ways. And 1967 looks to be another banner year.

Over the postwar years, more than 2,700 East German-built ships have been sold to Russia, often at prices 30% below the world market. But East Germany has also built up its own fleet. Today, its black, red and yellow flag flies over 155 ships, VEB vessels last year carried 6,200,000 tons of cargo to 340 ports, ranging from nearby Hamburg to faraway Haiphong, while two 600-passenger cruise ships carried vacationers to Scandinavia, Scotland and Iceland.

**Casting Shibboleths Aside.** As recently as 1951, East Germany, drained by postwar Russian reparations, had only one ship in its merchant marine. Then, in the early '50s, it produced a few of its own ships, purchased some from the Russians, raised and repaired sunken vessels, even bought the Swedish American Line's *Stockholm* after she rammed and sank the *Andrea Doria* in 1956. Many of the VEB's early routes were propaganda-oriented, and often East German ships returned home ideologi-

cally full but physically empty. Not until 1962 did the company turn all that enterprise toward pure profit-making. In that year, Rumanian-born Eduard Zimmermann, now 38, who rose from a nondescript post as a translator for a Russian-East German shipping control board, was named VEB's general director. Zimmermann cast aside a good many Communist shibboleths. Under him, East Germany has modernized shipyards and ports, built mechanized ships, gained an expanding share of East-blue shipping.

VEB still is well behind West Germany's ninth-ranking 2,609-ship merchant marine. But for a sector of Germany that before World War II had one significant port, it is doing rather well.

## BRITAIN

### Yardley in a Lather

In its deepening economic chill, Britain has been swept with merger fever. Over the past few months, major deals have been made in aircraft and steel. Others are afoot in chemicals, electronics, autos and oil. But when the giant London-based British-American Tobacco Co. Ltd. joined in with a bid for Yardley & Co. Ltd., one of Britain's biggest and best-known perfume and cosmetics makers, all it got was a lather of dissent.

Rich (assets: \$1.5 billion), acquisition-minded BAI is no stranger at the dressing table, having acquired 65% control of another cosmetics company, Lenthéric Ltd., in 1965. Two weeks ago BAI made a generous \$67 million cash offer to take over Yardley and promised to expand the company "on an international basis, while keeping its management team."

For BAI, the proposal made eminently good sense: With scores of brands—ranging from Kools and Viceroy in the U.S. through its Brown & Williamson subsidiary to Tom Toms in Malawi—on sale in over 150 countries, BAI is the world's biggest, most profitable (1965 earnings: \$230 million) tobacco company. But BAI means a sizable British business to help balance highly taxed

foreign earnings (it sells no tobacco in England) and, not least, to ensure its growth against a leveling off of tobacco sales because of the health scare.

The offer seemed irresistible—to everyone except Yardley's oligarchical Gardner family, which bought out the Yardleys in 1883, carefully kept a ruling majority of the voting stock when the company went public in 1920. Least flattered by the BAI bid: Yardley Chairman T. Lyndon Gardner, 62, second generation of the family to head the firm and patriarch of a third generation coming along the company's ranks. Last week, after huddling with Yardley's bankers, N. M. Rothschild & Sons, Gardner urged stockholders to ignore BAI's tender offer. "We are going into battle," he vowed. "I don't see any connection between tobacco and perfumery."

## LEBANON

### To Be or Not to Be?

When the main office of Lebanon's Intra Bank reopened last month to pay off holders of small savings accounts, hopes rose that the country's biggest bank might soon be out of the crisis that had shuttered it and slowed much of the country's business since October. Last week Intra received a new setback, this time from the courts.

Hoping to stave off liquidation and gain time to arrange new financing, Intra had asked Lebanon's Commercial Court for a three-year grace period in which to repay all of its depositors. Going over Intra's books, the judges found a host of "irregularities." Among them: about 75% of its \$156 million in outstanding loans had been made to Intra insiders on "virtually nonexistent" collateral. The court declared Intra bankrupt and took control of the property of its directors, including that of ex-Chief Yusuf Bedas, who is now in Brazil. Pending a decision on an appeal, Intra now looks to the legislature for a reprieve. A new law that is about to be introduced would, if passed, override the court decision, give the bank six months to reformat itself under new management—or be scuttled forever.

## RELIGION

### ROMAN CATHOLICS

#### The Restive Nuns

In 1947, St. Louis-born Marilyn Morheuser entered the Roman Catholic Sisters of Loretto. After 16 years as a nun, she left the order to become a civil rights worker in Milwaukee. "I was happy," she recalls of her convent life. "But it was like being in a box with windows in it. You can see things happening outside. You want to help, but you can't, because you're inside the box."

Marilyn Morheuser is not the only American Catholic nun to decide that the only way to live her faith is to jump out of the box. In recent years, the church in the U.S. has suffered a small but steady loss among its 181,400 sisters. In the Archdiocese of New York, for example, 47 nuns left their convents last year, twice as many as in 1965. Some church officials estimate that resignations from the nation's sisterhoods have more than doubled in the past five years. What particularly worries them is that many of the ex-sisters are not novices disillusioned by the rigors of their training, but mature women who have spent ten and even 20 years in the convent.

**Questions & Answers.** A major source of restlessness in convents is the uncertainty and questioning inspired by the Second Vatican Council. Time was, says Mother Benedicta of the Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, when women fled from the world into convents "in order not to be corrupted by it." Far too many immature girls, adds Psychologist Marie Francis Kenoyer of the Sisters of Loretto, accepted "poverty to escape financial responsibility, obedience to escape decision-making, chastity to escape involvement and the demands of love." The Council caused many nuns to ask themselves for the first time whether they had genuine vo-



MACLEOD & FOLLOWERS AT IONA  
*A meaningful and symbolic choice.*

### CLERGY

#### A Peerage for a Presbyterian

January brought good cheer and good news to the Very Rev. Sir George MacLeod, fourth Baronet MacLeod of Finlary, sometime Moderator of the Church of Scotland and—quite possibly—that nation's best-known living Protestant minister. In her New Year's Honors List, Queen Elizabeth raised Sir George to the rank of baron; he thus becomes the first Church of Scotland cleric ever entitled to sit in the House of Lords.

Although MacLeod will be the only Presbyterian minister in an assembly that contains 26 Anglican bishops, he does not intend to be a spokesman for his faith, since, as he puts it, "I have not been famous for always saying the same thing as the Church of Scotland." Indeed not—and if anything characterizes Sir George's career, it is contrariness. As a captain of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders during World War I, he won the Military Cross and *Croix de Guerre* for gallantry—but later became one of Britain's most vociferous pacifists.

**Crypto-Communist.** An aristocrat by birth and education (Oxford), he is also one of Scotland's leading socialists. Although MacLeod was chosen as Moderator of his church in 1957—the sixth member of his clan to hold the office—many of his fellow Presbyterians grumble that he is either a crypto-Communist or a Roman Catholic in disguise.

Such charges stem from MacLeod's role in creating one of the century's most influential experiments in Christian living, the Iona Community. In 1938, he gave up his parish ministry in a Glasgow slum and with a group of sympathetic clerics and unemployed workers went to the tiny island of Iona, off the west coast of Scotland. It was a meaningful and symbolic choice: from

Iona during the sixth century, the Irish missionary St. Columba set forth to Christianize the wild and pagan Scots. There MacLeod sought to build a cooperative community of dedicated Christians who would unite work, study and prayer—a modern Protestant counterpart of the ancient monastic ideal.

**Duty of Involvement.** The Iona Community now numbers 125 ministers, 25 lay members, and 600 lay associates who contribute to its support. During the summers, many of them have gathered on Iona to pray and study together—and to work on the restoration of the island's medieval abbey, which fell into ruin after the Reformation. The rest of the year, members of the community work in Britain's industrial slum parishes, preaching Iona's ideals: the Christian duty of political and social involvement, and the necessity of sacramental worship. Thoroughly ecumenical, the Iona Community includes Anglicans, Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists as well as Presbyterians, and many of MacLeod's ideas have been adopted by such ecclesiastical experimenters as the Anglican worker-priests of England and the Protestant brotherhood of Faizé in France (TIME, Sept. 5, 1960).

Now 71, MacLeod lives in an Edinburgh flat, identified not by his name plate but by a passport-size portrait. He travels much of the year, preaching the Iona ideal in a glass-shattering baritone that still needs no microphone to reach the farthest corner of the loftiest church. He bristles when addressed as "Sir," on the ground that ministers should not use hereditary titles—although he has no objection if his wife is called Lady MacLeod, since "she's not a minister." Elevation to the peerage has not changed his views. "I hope," he says, "that people will continue to call me Dr. George."



PUEBLO'S COMMUNITY OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE  
*Living by leaping.*

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cations. When the answer was no, they left.

Still other ex-sisters insist that they left precisely because their orders were not moving fast enough on the road to post-council reform. "There seemed to be such great conservatism and such lack of promise from updating my community," says one former nun, "that I felt there was no point in waiting for the next 50 years." Many spiritual rebels who have left the convent did so in the conviction that they could serve Christ far more effectively in secular life. Unless the orders accelerate the pace of change, believes Sister Jean Reidy of the Sisters of Humility of Mary, the prospect is for even greater losses. "Women who want to live committed Christian lives and are in orders that won't change," she says, "will have to leave to be true to their ideal."

**Willing Dispensation.** Since priests are ordained for life, Rome is reluctant to let them resume the lay state—and unhappy male clerics have little choice but to abandon their vocations in open defiance of the rules. By contrast, the church willingly dispenses nuns from their vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and they can more easily leave the convent without leaving the church as well. Moreover, there has been a lessening of the family and social pressures that once tended to keep a girl in the nunnery, whether she was happy there or not.

As a result, many convent partings are amicable. Even former nuns who get married are welcomed back to visit their old convents, and some, in fact, regard themselves as dedicated alumnae of their orders. A case in point is Mary Louise Prendergast, who left the Sisters of Loretto last year after 20 years as a nun. Although an unmarried laywoman now, she remains chairman of the science department at the Loretto Sisters' Webster College.

**Nothing but Gratitude.** Many former nuns remain in the grip of the idealism that led them to the convent—and are seeking new ways to live out this ideal in secular life. One such experiment is the Community of Christian Service in Pueblo, Colo., founded last summer by 13 former Sisters of Notre Dame. The women took private vows of chastity and poverty, live and pray together in a house rented from the diocese. When not pursuing secular occupations—most of them are teachers—they do welfare work among the poor of Pueblo.

They have no regrets about leaving their convent, no resentment at the years they spent there. "We have nothing in our hearts except great gratitude for the spiritual and professional training we received," says Mary Moynihan, 33. "They gave us everything they had." At the same time, they believe that their approach to cooperative living may lead to still other experiments in lay spirituality that the church may some day accept and bless as valid alternatives to the cloister and the wall.

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Hoda Nasser, 23, eldest daughter of United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser, and Hattem Sadek, 24, a presidential aide: their first child, a daughter, in Cairo.

**Married.** Ellsworth Bunker, 72, U.S. Ambassador-at-Large and the man whose consummate diplomacy was largely responsible for bringing an end to the 1965-66 Dominican crisis; and Carol C. Laize, 49, U.S. Ambassador to Nepal, one of five U.S. women to hold ambassadorial rank; she for the first time, he for the second, and the first ever for two U.S. Ambassadors; in Katmandu, Nepal, where Bunker will make his headquarters between trouble-shooting missions around the world.

**Divorced.** Lee Marvin, 42, one of Hollywood's better bad guys, who won a 1965 Oscar for *It's a Wonderful Life*; and Betty Edling Marvin, 38; on grounds of mental cruelty, after 14 years of marriage, four children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

**Died.** Raoul Levy, 44, penny-ante French film producer, who made a mint out of Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman*, after which the law of averages straightened out; by his own hand (16-gauge shotgun); in Saint-Tropez, France (see SHOW BUSINESS).

**Died.** Donald Campbell, 45, British speed seeker; in the crack-up of his jet-powered boat; on Coniston Water, England (see SPORT).

**Died.** Boris Kraiger, 52, Vice Premier of Yugoslavia and architect of the 1965 economic reforms (currency devaluation, reduced price controls) designed to foster competition on the world market, a Communist since student days who escaped from an Italian concentration camp to join Tito's partisans in 1943 and marched with them to power; when his car skidded into a tree; in Sremska Mitrovica, Yugoslavia.

**Died.** Mohammed Khider, 53, exiled Algerian opposition leader, a pragmatic nationalist who was one of the major rebel chiefs in the eight-year war of independence against France, later as Secretary-General of the ruling F.L.N. Party opposed too close liaisons with Soviet and Chinese Communists, a stand that, among other reasons, eventually alienated him from his colleagues to the point where he fled the country in 1964 with \$14 million in party funds and spent his hours plotting to overthrow first Ben Bella, and then his successor Boumedienne; of bullet wounds inflicted by an unknown assassin; in Madrid.

**Died.** John Joseph Keane, 55, baseball manager, the cool, unassuming tactician, who in 1964, after three futile years as field boss of the St. Louis Car-

dinals, was about to be fired, thereupon performed a minor miracle by leading his Redbirds to a National League pennant and a World Series victory over the American League's New York Yankees, after which the losers gleefully hired him away at \$45,000 per, a triumph of justice that swiftly turned to dust when the disintegrating Yanks finished sixth in 1966 and the New York management summarily fired Keane; of a heart attack; in Houston. The Yanks, let it be remembered, still finished last.

**Died.** Jack Ruby, 55, convicted slayer of Presidential Assassin Lee Harvey Oswald; of a pulmonary embolism; in Dallas (see THE NATION).

**Died.** Christian A. Herter, 71, Secretary of State under President Eisenhower from 1959 to 1961; of a pulmonary embolism; in Washington, D.C. (see THE NATION).

**Died.** Lorena Chipman Fletcher, 78, "Mother of the Year" in 1965, who believed that "Youngsters expect a little discipline," neither spared the rod nor spoiled the brood of five boys and a girl, saw her sons become president of the University of Utah, vice president of Western Electric, vice president of Sandia Corp., professor of mathematics at Brigham Young University, and a top researcher for NASA; of liver disease; in Salt Lake City.

**Died.** Albert Monroe Greenfield, 79, head of City Stores Co. (Manhattan's W. & J. Sloane and 131 other stores in 19 states) from 1932 until his retirement in 1959, a shrewd Ukrainian-born entrepreneur who added another star to the galaxy of U.S. success stories by building a real estate (largely in Philadelphia) and retailing business that today grosses \$850 million annually and provided him with a fortune estimated at close to \$100 million; of cancer; in Philadelphia.

**Died.** Ormond E. Hunt, 83, auto engineer, who in 1923 designed the first General Motors Chevrolet to compete successfully with Ford's Model T, incorporating such features as automatic windshield wipers, an electric horn and a longer, more stylish body, was duly awarded a vice-presidency by Alfred P. Sloan Jr., and continued to serve G.M. as a company director and technical troubleshooter, most notably during World War II, when he played a major role in converting auto production lines to tanks, trucks and planes; of cancer; in Henry Ford Hospital, Detroit.

**Died.** Mary Garden, 92, prima donna of the opera from the 1900s to the 1930s; of pneumonia; in Aberdeen, Scotland (see MUSIC).



FONDA IN "GAME"  
Nothing new.

### Something Nue

The *Game Is Over*. Some people (including Roger Vadim) consider Roger Vadim an artist. Some don't. What is certain is that he won fame and fortune by displaying his wives on the screen without any clothes on. He got his start by exhibiting Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman*, and he now presents his third wife, Jane Fonda, in the latest elucubration of the Vadim formula: lacking something new to say, give them something *new* to look at.

In *The Game Is Over*, which transposes a novel by Emile Zola (*La Curée*) into the present Paris scene, he gives them little else. *Game* tells the gamy tale of a hot young wife who commits incest with the hot young stepson (Peter McEnery) of her cold old husband (Michel Piccoli), and Vadim finds opportunities innumerable to show the world what a lucky man he is. Mrs. Vadim is exhibited stark naked in a bed of lust and rising from a garden pool like the White Rock girl. She also appears topless in a bathroom and bottomless under a hair dryer.

The settings are inexorably exotic, and the color camera brings to life every hue and nuance of every buttock. Indeed it leaves no stern untuned.

### Metal in Motion

**Grand Prix.** The Formula One is the thoroughbred of racing cars. Nothing on wheels is quite so sophisticated. Formula Ones can cost up to \$100,000 to build, and as much again to maintain for a single racing season. Twelve feet long and elegantly slender, they look like bright green, blue, red, purple drag-onflies perched on fat black feet. Though the cars weigh a mere 1,100 lbs., their three-liter engine develops more than 375 h.p., and they can dart down a straightaway at better than 200 m.p.h. At full bore, a Formula One handles so neurotically that in all the

## CINEMA

world of motor racing only 20 men are fully qualified to drive it.

Eleven major races will be held next season at eleven Grand Prix courses. Last season, as the top drivers va-roomed the circuit, they were tallgated by Director John Frankenheimer and 16 camera teams. By season's end, at a cost of \$7,500,000, Frankenheimer & Co. had shot 1,000,000 film feet of Formula One racing—some of it real, some of it rigged, all of it in Metrocolor of admirable luster. Out of this avalanche of acetate, the director has constructed a motion picture that crams the supercolossal Super Panavision screen with some of the most spectacular pictures ever taken of metal in motion.

There are some sense-flogging sequences in which a camera attached to a racing car is lowered to within an inch of the track, so that when the car skims along at 150 m.p.h. and the track comes rushing at the spectator's face, he may suffer the illusion that he is right there in the car, and that if he doesn't find that brake pedal pretty damn quick he's never going to make the next corner. And there is one phony but heart-stopping crash in which a racing car leaps off the road surface at better than 100 m.p.h., turns sideways in the air and for one long, insanely impossible instant goes skittering along the face of a cliff like a rampaging firecracker.

Regrettably, Director Frankenheimer occasionally feels obliged to stop racing and start plotting. He has four heroes (James Garner, Yves Montand, Brian Bedford, Antonio Sabato), all cast as racing drivers. The story purports to describe what they do when they are not driving—and the girls they do it with. The girls (Eva Marie Saint, Françoise Hardy, Jessica Walter) are pretty, but somehow they don't seem all that exciting in a film that focuses so satisfactorily on a different sort of exquisitely classy chassis.

France's Le Mans, Monaco's Monte Carlo, Holland's Zandvoort, Germany's Nürburgring, Belgium's Spa-Francorchamps, Britain's Silverstone, Italy's Monza, South Africa's Kyalami Circuit, Mexico's Mexico City, Canada's Mosport Park, the U.S.'s Watkins Glen.



GARNER IN "PRIX"  
Different chassis.



THULIN & LINDSTROM IN "GAMES"  
Moral garbage.

### A Loving Mother

**Night Games.** Mai Zetterling is a Swedish cinematress who in middle age has ventured to look through the other end of the lens. In *Loving Couples* she saw Sweden as the land of the midnight fun. In *Night Games* she sees it as a heap of moral garbage. The film as a result made a certain sink at this year's film festivals. At Venice it was banned from public showing, at San Francisco it was berated as "pornography for profit." The statement was made by Shirley Temple, a critic with rather frivolous credentials, but it is essentially correct.

*Night Games* is ostensibly the case history of a mother complex. The man who has it (Kevé Hjelml), a wealthy young Swede, revisits the house he grew up in and invites a moral conflict between the memory of his profligate mother (Ingrid Thulin) and the love of his innocent fiancée (Lena Brundin). In a series of what might be called flesh-backs, the man-as-boy (Jorgen Lindstrom) wanders in memory through a child's garden of sexual reverses. Among the obscene scenes: his mother summoning a crowd of drunken guests into her bedroom and letting them watch while she gives birth to a dead baby; his mother, between sensual carresses, telling him "what a nice little thing" he has and then slapping him angrily when he masturbates in her bed; his mother sneering coldly when he dresses himself in her clothes, daubs himself with her rouge, and pathetically attempts to provoke her appetite.

Director Zetterling's style reveals her as a cinematagge. Her symbols are bad Bergman, her décor is awful Ophüls, her decadence is phony Fellini. When in doubt, she bares somebody's breasts; when inspired, she mounts an orgy. Her episodes redound with explicit detail, and frame by frame they are morbidly fascinating to look at. Unfortunately, the frames add up to nothing more than an album of porn photographs, and they do these things better in France. Or even in Tijuana.

## BOOKS

### A Concern for Truth

THE WORLD OF MODERN FICTION edited by Steven Marcus. 2 vols. \$25 & \$10 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$17.50.

An anthology is a sort of zoo. The literary lions are not at their best caged up away from their own kind, and may look ridiculous if housed next door to a morose musk ox or an albino handi-

**Dissidents & Irritants.** The selection reflects what Editor Marcus believes to be "the dominant position in world writing—as much as in world power—that America has come to occupy during the last 20 years." This view is borne out by the anthology, but another selection might have been less flattering to U.S. readers. For example, British writing is meagerly represented by Angus Wilson, Doris Lessing and Muriel Spark. There are no stories by two great English stylists, Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh, by Anthony Burgess or V.S. Pritchett, or by those writers, like Colin MacInnes, John Wain or Kingsley Amis, who have given voice to the enhanced position of the British working class—"the people of England who have not spoken yet," as Chesterton wrote nearly two generations ago.

These conspicuous absences prove the contrary of Marcus' suggestion that good writing is somehow a function of national power and prosperity and a product of the consensus that goes with them. The U.S. is represented not by Virgilian celebrators of the Great Society but by outsiders dog-paddling against the mainstream of American life. If American society is a success, no one would know it from this anthology. Unless it is Louis Auchincloss (unrepresented here), the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant has no laureate and, unless it is John O'Hara (also unrepresented), no candid friend. The voice of America is off key.

Norman Mailer, Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, Lionel Trilling, Saul Bellow and Ivan Gold in totally different ways represent the singular sensibility that Jews have brought to American life. Mailer has a derisive pique about the manners of a group of middle-class Jewish New Yorkers deciding what is the correct attitude to take toward a stag film. A famous piece by Lionel Trilling (*Of This Time, Of That Place*) pits genius against the academic establishment in a story about a moral crisis in the life of a college professor. That the military is an insensitive institution is made plain by William Styron's story of a long march ordered by a Marine martinet, and it is unconsciously funny when measured by the standards of less car-oriented societies in which marching is not considered an ordeal.

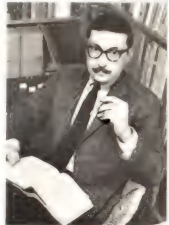
**Science & Revelation.** Marcus' collection also supports the unhappy tradition that the short story is the resort of sensitives with neither the lungs for a novel nor the brains for polemic or criticism. This is not the case, of course. Out of great sorrows come little songs, and out of little sorrows come short stories. Still, the man who presumes to take an hour out of the reader's life had better have some comedy or magic up his sleeve, John Cheever does. His much anthologized piece, *The Enormous Ra-*

*dio*, again presents its enigmas. Cheever examines modern technological substitutions—*deus in machina*—in the form of a radio set with God's own ear for private conversation, and thus makes a nightmare of a cozy modern apartment.

The late Flannery O'Connor, whose death in 1964 was a severe loss to American fiction, is represented by a very long story—so long that it has been separately published as a novel. *Wise Blood* deals with a familiar theme: man-obsessed to the point of fanaticism. The scene is the dirt-road South outside the progressive and prosperous mainstream of U.S. life. In a modern U.S. city, there is no place outside of the psychiatric ward for the hero of *Wise Blood*, a gaunt drifter who blinds himself the better to see God and extinguish the devil.

If there is one quality common to all

KEITH TITLER



STEVEN MARCUS  
Less than reality.

these stories from the dual Anglo-American tradition as well as European sources, it is the concern for fiction as a revelation of the truth. The private vision, because it seeks no corroborating evidence, must carry conviction of itself. It is this seriousness—even in the comic vein of a Saul Bellow—which makes Jean-Paul Sartre's satirical portrait of a proto-Fascist, *Childhood of a Leader*, seem as frivolous in this company as a mere cartoon. The same quality makes the similarity—a glum but grimly maintained Freud-Marxist determinism—between Doris Lessing and Italy's Alberto Moravia more pronounced than their differences of sex and language.

**Force & Style.** The Europeans in the collection seem most successful when they are least experimental and stay close to the traditional fixture of fiction—the sense of time and region. In Albert Camus' *The Renegade*, his great moral force triumphs over impressionistic style. But *Stories and Texts for Nothing*, III. Samuel Beckett's abstract exercise in vocalized nihilism, is a dud. So also is *Vocalized Room*, by France's modish Alain Robbe-Grillet, a montage of quasi-photographic fragments that



SARTRE



CHEEVER



MAILER



O'CONNOR



TRILLING



BOLL

More than peanuts.

coat. Even the labels may go wrong, and the surly, myopic wombat is advertised as a Thomson's gazelle. But the zoogers don't mind. They have always known that some animals are nicer than others. So it is with anthologies; they are compiled for those who have been taught to be kind to writers but are nervous as to whether they will be rewarded with a snarl or a civet effluvia in return for the proffered peanut.

Columbia University Professor Steven Marcus' anthology is composed of what zoos and museums call recent acquisitions—36 pieces of fiction written in the past 25 years by 16 Americans and 20 Europeans. It costs \$17.50, which is more than peanuts.

is merely abstract and fatally a bore.

Heinrich Böll's *Enter and Exit*, a story of the first and last days of World War II, is technically no more demanding than a run-of-the-mill yarn in the old *Saturday Evening Post*, but the reader follows Böll's hero willingly. Although the psychology is unsubtle and the theme not far from trite, Böll deals in reality.

If this anthology demonstrates one thing, it is that experiment in style has come to an end. Fiction, despite many premature critical obituaries, did not die with the avant-garde.

### Rage Against Life

DEATH ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, translated by Ralph Manheim. 592 pages. New Directions. \$7.50.

For more than 30 years, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, who died in disgrace and obscurity in 1961, has been both a scandal and a paradox. This new translation of the second of his two black classics suggests that *Death on the Installment Plan* should be discovered by a new generation of readers—and reread by those still scandalized and baffled by Céline.

He was a demented anti-Semite, sentenced by a French court to "national degradation" as a Nazi collaborator. Reprieved but unforgiven, he lived his last years as a recluse in a Paris suburb, seeing only his loyal wife. Yet this same man was a hero of World War I for a voluntary exploit in which he suffered a severe head wound. Brain injury left him hallucinated, plagued by noises in his head, an insomniac whose sanity was often questioned. Despite this, he became a physician and, under his real name, Dr. Henri-Louis Destouches, he chose to live among the poor of Paris, often practicing without fee.

Was he a Gallic Streicher or an urban Schweitzer? His books illustrate rather than resolve the paradox. When *Journey to the End of the Night* detonated on the French literary scene in 1932 (there were riots when it did not receive that year's Prix Goncourt), it was like an explosion of excrement. The doctor who had a profound vocation for healing wrote of his pitiable patients with derision and rage. If he was anti-Semitic, he also detested Christians.

*Journey* was a semi-autobiographical story of a doctor, known in the book as Ferdinand Bardamu. "I have spent so many years as a doorman in the service of so many thousands of madmen that my memories alone would fill a whole insane asylum," Céline said. The novel was such an asylum. It seemed less a novel than a charade by a troupe of epileptics—convulsed by spasms of lust, rage, fear and disgust but denied the unconsciousness that is the mercy accorded the epileptic. It was clear to most critics that it was a work of genius.

"Speak? Speak?" *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936) records an earlier

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stage in Ferdinand's life and should be nicer reading, but it is not. It is even more painful, coming as it does, closer to the heart of Céline's anguished theme: innocence violated by life. It is the story of one of the most desolate boyhoods in all fiction. The key incident comes at the end of Ferdinand's stay at an English school to which his parents had sent him. He brutally seduces the only person who had shown him affection—Nora, the headmaster's wife—and records her suicide by drowning in the Medway. During the whole time at this school, Ferdinand refuses to utter a single word but raves to himself ferociously: "Speak? Speak? About what? . . . Christ! and all their stinking rotteness, and my buddies and the fags



LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE  
*Memories enough to fill an asylum.*

and the floozies and all their lowdown tricks . . ."

*Death* is no Dickensian satire against a Dotheboys Hall; the boys are as rotten as the masters. Ferdinand's only friend is a cretin named Yongkind who alone is incapable of malice or treachery. But he is made otherwise disgusting: gibbering, fouling his clothes, drinking ink, slaving over his food like a dog; his answer to everything is "Don't worry," or "Right as rain."

*Hot Gases.* Back with *père et maman* in Paris, young Ferdinand's grotesque adventures continue in mad spate. Father is a clerk, a monster of suspicion and self-pity; Mother deals in junk, which she tries to sell as antiques. They are failures, and Ferdinand thrashes them frightfully for it. He throws himself on the mercies of an uncle, who is a friend of Courtial Des Pereires, a prince of crackpots.

Courtial takes on Ferdinand as a "secretary" in a business that becomes the mecca for every mecano-minded nut in France. It is the world of popular mechanics fictionalized. Courtial

himself is an idealist and charlatan, infatuated with the possibilities of lighter-than-air travel. For modest fees, he demonstrates balloon ascents to mobs of gaping yokels.

This comic picaresque stuff is so easy to read that the reader might fail to notice Céline's didactic intentions. Courtial is Yongkind, grown up and equipped with a degree from the polytechnic, but the same optimistic cretin. In the person of Courtial, Céline pours all the vitriol of his prose on an age that believed science and progress would confer inestimable benefits upon mankind. Courtial's windy rhetoric on the subject of these benefits is mocked by the hiss of hot gases from his chronically punctured blamp. By the time the first great technological war breaks out, the point of *Journey to the End of the Night* has already been made: science has many unpleasant surprises as well as goodies in store for all.

*Root of Rage.* The new Manheim translation makes more accessible to U.S. readers the astonishing virtuosity of Céline's style, which broke out of the formal gavotte of French grammar and syntax—and used all the resources of thieves' argot, slum slang, and the shop-talk of pimps, prostitutes, bums, and pickpockets—to demonstrate the power and quality of his love of life and hatred for those who must live it. Coprological images—excrement, pus, gangrene, all the humiliating ironies of bodily decay—crowded this doctor's mind. Still, his language no longer shocks; today's black comedians, Genet, Burroughs and Terry Southern, seem like mere comics compared to Céline, who has more colors than black.

He makes the reader pick over acres of some vast garbage dump; yet he leaves him with the belief that the mutilated body of someone of great value lies buried in the stinking trash. In English, there has been no one like him since Swift, and in French, there has been no one like him at all. Mad doctors both—in their different ways. Only moral simpletons who have not understood that pity is the cruel emotion will fail to grasp the root of the rage of either man.

### Mettlesome Magyar

RAKÓSSY by Cecelia Holland. 243 pages. Atheneum. \$5.75.

The old adage, "He who has a Hungarian for a friend does not need an enemy," may well be a national slander, but it proves true enough in the case of János Rakóssy, the tough, devious hero of this historical novel. The Hungarians were latecomers to Western Europe, drifting in from southern Russia in the 9th century, and they were so often friendless that it is a wonder they lasted at all. *Rakóssy* is set in one of the worst times of trouble for the Magyars—when Suleyman the Magnificent and his Turkish Janissaries swept up through the Balkans in 1525 and made pilaff of

the Hungarian chivalry at the battle of Mohács. The Magyars were beaten so swiftly that Suleyman at first refused to believe he had really met and destroyed the national army of Hungary.

Novelist Holland's hero helps explain the Magyar weakness. The great Baron Rakóssy and the other lords have just crushed a peasant rebellion and are now squabbling with each other. Rakóssy has his eye on Catharine de Buñez, who is related to the Habsburg emperor, and he gets her; for good measure, he seduces her sister and slays her brother-in-law. He also has his eye on the neighboring castle of Vrath and gets it as well, by trickery rather than force of arms. By this time, not only the peasants are muttering that Rakóssy must



CECELIA HOLLAND  
*With an eye to the West.*

have a pact with Satan. But Rakóssy is directly in the route of the Turkish invasion, and in two splendid battle pieces, his own castle and Vrath are stormed by the Turks. As sole survivor, Rakóssy hunts down and kills a final Magyar enemy and then rides mindlessly to his own death against Turkish cavalry.

Although Hungarian history is studied with Rakóssys (the most celebrated led a revolt against Austria in the 18th century), this particular baron is fictional. Still, the character and the story have the ring of authenticity. Author Holland got her expertise at the Connecticut College for Women, where she specialized in the Hungarian Renaissance, but there is more in her book than research. As in her fine first novel, *Firedrake* (TIME, Feb. 18), Cecelia Holland writes a spare, masculine prose and applies the technique of the good U.S. western to her feudal lords. She avoids the stage-prop flummery that clutters so many historical novels, and in her dialogue she steers a middle course between the "Prithee, m'lord" school and modern idiom. Most surprising of all, she is only 23 years old.

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